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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

HANS ANDERSEN'S ENGLISH ROMANCE.

The Two Baronesses: a Romance, in Three Parts.
By Hans Christian Andersen. 2 vols. Bentley.

How refreshing!! After dearth and drought, a wearisome journey through the desert, we come to an Oasis adorned with all the sweets and beauties of nature. The landscape is soft and green, the waters are limpid and sparkling, the air is pure and balmy. Simplicity, truth, and poetry seem to inspire the scene. Verily our friend Hans Christian Andersen has effected a new creation of great delight. We hardly know a merit which this romance does not possess. The story from first to last is full of interest. The characters are admirably drawn, and the most original not the less natural, even in their eccentricities. The pathos is affecting, and the humorous strokes lively and keen. The pencil touches of the slightest kind, are as telling as the broadest lines. The descriptive parts are charming, and the genre groups of life, life itself. And the poetic imagination of the author enshrines the whole in an amber atmosphere of exquisite tone and melting loveliness. Warmly was the gifted Hans welcomed to England, and warmly will his first English work be received.

It sets out, however, with a prodigy—a dedication from a poet to a publisher: of an author to a book-seller. What will the world come to? Here is a literary revolution as startling as the February convulsion in Paris, the rising in Lombardy, the revolt in Shilly, the liberalism of the Pope of Rome, the outbreak in Vienna, the conspiracy in Berlin, the *carmes* everywhere, or the barricade fighting in Frankfurt. Mr. Bentley may have extraordinary things in his *Miscellany*, but he will never parallel an event so extraordinary as this. It is beyond fiction and above invention. We fear the millenium must be near, when the lion (or rather the wolf) and the lamb can lie down thus amicably and cordially together. Let us all be prepared!

Copenhagen and the Great Belt, with its islands, are the localities peopled for many a future year by this production. It begins with a storm on the ocean, where reels a boat laden with a moiety of the principal male actors in the piece. They land, and the female actors gradually appear and mingle in the scene. The *entrées* of the first and second Baronesses are remarkable; but we must be cautious not to anticipate any of the pleasures our readers are about to derive from the book itself, and therefore must break off for specimens of an order to illustrate the writer's genius, and not injure his tale. Here is a little sketch of the tempest-tost gentlemen's reception on the shores of Funen.

"Now I see my Funen tree!" cried Frederick, and the boat was steered towards a tongue of land thickly covered with underwood, where there stood a tall old tree, not withered, but almost leafless from the wind. A thousand birds flew screaming away from it, as our party sprang on shore; close by a noble stag darted off, so lightly and flittingly; and a hare started away in an opposite direction,—everything bespoke that it was a paradise for the sportsman.

"Weet through from the previous night's rain, they directed their steps through the long grass towards the forester's house, where Eiler and his wife, an old couple, lived in the silent solitude of the woods, and looked after the deer in the enclosed grounds. Their whole world was this tongue of land, their metropolis the manor-house, which they perhaps visited scarcely twice a-year; as to what passed in the real world itself they knew nothing at all, except when their son

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Hans, who had the good fortune to be a footman at the manor-house, let a few words fall that he had read in the newspapers, but that news was forgotten directly. Hans was just then with the old folks, and he ran immediately to meet the young party. The old woman took her wooden shoes off, and stood in her stocking-feet on the paved floor.

"Why do you do that, dame?" asked Frederick. "Because I know well," said she, "how to honour those to whom honour is due;" and she smiled cunningly at the gentility she had shewn. She then spread her petticoat out on one chair, and her husband's jacket on another, and begged the company to be seated."

And we complain of London fogs; let us look at a Copenhagen November day.

"It was in November, in what we call our bad season, with rain and drizzle; and with its eternal blasts, one imagines one's-self in the cavern of the winds. It was in the real, Copenhagen November days; with grey skies, twilight instead of daylight, and muddy streets, so that umbrellas and galosches became a necessary part of the human machine;—its limit above and below; added to this, as the only change, a raw, thick fog, such as one can positively taste. The whole air is a cold damp which penetrates through the clothes, and into the pores of the body: it sheds its clamminess over gateway and door, over the wooden balustrades, and through the entrance halls; one feels one's-self in an element suited for frogs and not for warm-blooded animals. The dust-man and scavenger's waggon, with its drenched and ragged driver, who helps the dirty servant girl to empty her tub of dirt and sweepings into his filthy receptacle, is the bouquet of such a Copenhagen November day."

Contrasted with the outside uncomfortableness is the splendour of the minister's ball, where many of our party are assembled. Among them is Baron Holger, and the coquettish Countess Clara, to whom the following comic, but in the issue most important incident relates:—

"The music is excellent; it even sets the old Excellences legs in motion, and they think of dances in days of yore. The laqueys move like Caryatides, with refreshments, through the closest circles; in a recess of the window stands Clara, prettier, perhaps, than she ever was before. She is in a white transparent dress, which falls in full, vapour-like folds, as if it were woven of air and snow. Small bouquets of moss and violets seem as if they were thrown on it. There is, as it were, a transparency in the face, in the arm, in the whole figure. There is an expression of bliss in that youthfully-fresh, charming face—a smile that owns more magic than music and poetry; never before has she been so beautiful, never before has she smiled more happily,—she is in conversation with one of the princes, who leads her to the dance. Frederick stands not far from her, in a blue velvet court-dress, with large diamond buttons; he sees her happy smile, he is angry with her, without even being able to account to himself for it.

"They meet in the dance and part again. Holger enters just at this moment. Clara has promised him her hand for the third dance, and yet he is the last that arrives; but we must know the reason.

"Holger was yesterday made a gentleman of the bed-chamber. His tailor has been sewing the whole night and day at his uniform, made impossibilities possible, got it ready for this ball, and only half an hour ago was it delivered.

"The red gold-embroidered coat sits well; the tight-kersey trousers are made to admiration. Holger is strikingly handsome; and he knows it.

This is the first uniform he has ever worn; it is the first title he has received, except that of baron by right of birth, and Clara has already discovered him, and smiled to him. How much youthful spirit and happiness can one heart not find place for!

"Count Frederick, on the contrary, appears all at once to be quite dissatisfied. The ball tires him; Clara's smile is not pleasing to him, and not one dance has she for him. 'Fourteen days ago I was engaged for them all,'—has she said with a smile, which he, in his present state of feeling, thought was coquettish,—and now she dances with Holger!"

"They are a handsome couple, and they are noticed. There is to them both a present feeling of, 'the whole world is ours!'—all the rest only figure around us!—Is it Clara's smile, is it the music, or the new uniform that flits so well, or perhaps all three that have their influence?—At this moment it is clear to Holger, as it never was before, that he loves Clara, that he must tell her so, that he would dance with her thus life through;—there is no sorrow, no sickness, no death!

"They now retire to a saloon; the champagne explodes. Holger is happy as a god, eloquent and gay, and as he again enters the ball-room with Clara, his resolution is formed,—before the ball is ended she must know his feelings, know that he loves her—that this is his first, all-powerful love!

"He has spirit, and he has a will, that must be acknowledged; and at this moment Herman sleeps quietly at home, at this moment Frederick is meditating if he shall, or if he shall not, drive Clara to-morrow at noon, with the great sledge party to Bellevue. The music of the dance is to the low-spirited wretch like surging waves, that make his spirit still more a wreck, but the glad and happy they only lift still higher. Clara had quite forgotten Herman's amusing, genial pictures, forgotten Frederick's lively sketches of his sea-trip—which she had before listened to with so much delight. Holger is the best dancer, the most attentive of all, the most amiable. In the dance which is now to begin he will lead her out.

"With the whole expression of a happy being in his eyes and mien, he stands before Clara, his blood and thoughts like champagne: he bows low; with a jesting smile he then raises himself a full inch higher than his wont, and then—there magic at work? One would think so! Are men accompanied by an invisible spirit, good or bad? At the moment that Holger rises, there occurs suddenly, as it were, a transformation in him; his face becomes deeply crimsoned, his movements are forced; his words are no longer buoyant; something of importance has happened; his whole thoughts are divided between Clara and—nay, it would sound too terrible to pronounce the word suddenly.

"The least causes have often the greatest effects. Holger no longer moves as before—he even returns quite preposterous answers.

"This night he will not propose. Clara still exists for Frederick, for Herman, for him whom no one knows—for any body. In the midst of fascination's brightest moment, on the eve of love's bold revelation—yes, perhaps, more than one who has been in the same situation, knows the agony with which a man loses all his moral courage at such a moment—and this Holger has lost: the joys of youth, the pride of his new title, of his well-made uniform—all are vanished. Clara regards him with an anxious look; the thought strikes her—the unjust thought—it is the wine! he has drunk too much champagne!—and the halo around him is extinguished. She knows not what injustice she does

him; her eloquence becomes mute; she involuntarily seeks Count Frederick; her eye meets his—it is as if he smiled, as if he understood her position,—inclination is renewed, and she inclines for Frederick. Holger creeps behind the window-curtain for a moment, and makes his appearance again; but he is no longer the same man. The whole affair has been the most unfortunate, but most innocent situation at a ball that ever happened. It is reality's most fearful prose that has overwhelmed him. When a man is to be executed, it is the custom to say, 'he is to lose his button,' that is, to lose his head, and Holger has lost a button, and with that his head. The brace-button behind has come off his tight kersymer inexpressibles—now the world is out, and now we can conceive his sudden blushing, the forced deportment, the distracted thoughts, and the preposterous answers. With that button went courage and happiness, and Clara's rapture; she accepted Frederick's invitation, and they both drove next day in the sledge together to Bellevue. The train, consisting of forty-seven sledges, went from Amalienborg, the royal residence; princes, diplomatists, and young noblemen formed the cortège. The bells tinkled, the variegated nets fluttered over the horses' backs, and the whips cracked. Frederick, in a bear-skin cloak, with seal-skin boots, and fur cap, had Clara in his sledge, and they were soon out of the city—the crows flew over the white snow,—caw, caw,—every one greets in his own way: where the snow was deepest, these two were upset; it was like a play. It was a little adventure, it was a splendid trip. 'It was an important trip,' said the admiral's lady,—and why?

"The same evening Frederick wrote to his father that he loved Clara, that she had accepted him, and that her excellent mother had no objection to the match, provided his father sanctioned it.

"That button," said Holger, when he heard it; 'that d—d button is the cause of the whole' and he fell into deep musing.

"Herman tore all his drawings to pieces; they were too ideal he thought; everything was far more discordant, far uglier. Copenhagen was the most insupportable place, the men and women, with very few exceptions—in fact, without any—a collection of caricatures and tediousness. Nay, not only Copenhagen; but Sealand, Funen, the whole country was insupportable to him.

"Was it Clara's betrothal that cast this shadow over the country and inhabitants, or had that poisonous seed his grandmother's words had sown in his heart, now shot up and become an upas-tree, that poisoned all around him? Such moments in a mind like Herman's, nourish thoughts and determinations that often decide one's whole future life.

"The hall-room on a winter forenoon, after a ball, is an uncomfortable place; its lustre is extinguished, the music is mute, all the fresh joys of youth are gone, the curtains hang heavily with dust, the candles are burnt down in the sconces, the bass-viol, and such like mammoth instruments, lie like mummies, and point to a life that was.

"Thus it looked next morning in the royal ball-room: in the middle of the floor there lay a shining button, which the woman swept away. That button it was that had caused Holger's heart to look like the ball room now, void, uncomfortable, a mausoleum for a button."

We might stop short here, and leave the playful and various narrative, the pictures of manners, the scenic descriptions, and the pathetic incidents to be enjoyed *in locis*; but we cannot yet force ourselves away from the much-relished company of Herr Andersen. We first adopt a pair of portraits and their accessories.

"The honest old clerk was called Mr. Katrineson; and by the name we may understand that he was from the little island of Oro, where the unusual custom exists, that the sons generally take their mother's name, when she has been well known as a clever woman. Thus the clerk was called Katrineson after his mother, whose name was Katrine. His wife was also from Oro, somewhat younger than her husband,

of a very lively disposition, and highly industrious: it was particularly on account of this last quality, that Madame Krone was fond of her. Madame Katrineson made excellent soup of hips and elderberries; her tea was native manufacture, a composition of marsh marigolds and millefoil. Her coffee was mixed with chicory root from the fields, and cleared with dried flounder-skin. No one had better starch than she had; the potatoes were riven on the grater, and the refuse was washed again and again, until the white starch lay on the linen to be bleached in the sun.

"But all the superstition from Oro, as it is there reflected from the whole country, was, as we have said, removed with the good couple into the clerk's little dwelling, which was very comfortable and cleanly, but presented an appearance of all those amulets that the peasant has against superstition. On the threshold of the door there was a horse-shoe nailed fast with the open part outwards, so that no wher-wolf or sprite could slip in. The parlour, which was in all other respects extremely neat and clean, had a ceiling that quite shone with what the peasants call, 'the herring's soul,' a long shining part of the herring, which is always taken out and thrown up against the ceiling, where it remains hanging, and ensures the party who eats against fever during the whole of that year, 'the cold one,' as it is called. St. John's wart grew in the crevices of the beams, and prophesied a long life to the old couple.

"Mr. Katrineson was a round, little person,—the Baroness called him an apple-dumpling with legs; his wife, on the contrary, was the type of scragginess, fine and slender: in her youth she had lost one of her eyes, and, in order to hide this want, she always wore a false lock of hair over it, but which, on account of its immense size, and the awkward manner it was placed, always drew attention to it. Besides the married couple, there were in the room, when Moritz and Hedevid entered, little Elizabeth and the chambermaid Trina, who, in a couple of days, was to go to Copenhagen to become the shoemaker's wife. She was immoderately fond of the little girl to whom she had told ballets and operas, both Ralph Bluebeard and Cinderella, and had sung so many songs for: Trina knew a great number, and had a clear strong voice. She would now, however, see her sweet little Elizabeth once more, to whom she had brought with her, as a remembrance of herself, a printed song-book, that out of which Trina had so often sung, and in which she had written on the binding—'To little Elizabeth, from her affectionate servant, Trina, betrothed to the master-shoemaker, Hansen.'"

This homely event is of consequence to the after development of the heroine's fortunes; but we must introduce another pair on the eve of marriage.

"Here Caroline was the soul. She lost her mother early, and grew up like a boy with her wild brothers, who were now dispersed about the country; she had caught from them all their bold Copenhagen phrases, which, to the initiated, often sounded highly strange, from that pretty, lively girl's mouth.

"The father was one of those good-natured, laughing persons, who, in the theatre, are a blessing to the farce-writer whose piece may happen to be played; for he laughed on the least occasion. In business he was as accurate as a correct sum in arithmetic without fractions, and a father with his whole soul. The family lived entirely to themselves, formed their own fixed family circle, and in this Caroline shone; they knew her excellent qualities, and amused themselves with what strangers would, in her, call bad habits.

"As we know, Moritz, the evening before his departure for Funen, had proposed, and been accepted, but at the same time she declared that he must not let the voyage pass over, but that he should have his sail for a few days, as if nothing had happened.

"We will not begin by hanging over and about each other," said she. 'I have seen enough of that with my eldest brother and Louisa. Good dear wife she is, but a hanging tree she was. Sail, but don't

upset, for I have no desire to be melancholy; there is no pleasure in it.'

"She smiled, but yet there were tears in her eyes; Moritz thought she was charming.

"And Moritz sailed to Funen, as we know, and everything that happened to him and the friends there we also know, and that he was now again in Copenhagen; but that he, on his arrival, got the first kiss—that we do not know; but he got it, and there was much to tell about, much to say.

"Do you think I can keep all the nonsense I have heard?" said she. 'No, we are now two to bear the burden; so you must take your share.'

"They must also drink *thou* together, or else she could not address him properly when he was to be chid.

"You are a strange, blessed being!" said he; 'I have often thought you resemble Undine.'

"That was a very romantic woman you sought out to compare me to," said she. 'Yes, I am somewhat eccentric, as you say, but yet it is that which has made me interesting to you; we two certainly do not resemble each other in the least.'

"A friend of hers now came to visit her.

"Will you see the fellow?" said she. 'He is a little quiet yet; but I shall put him in trim. Next winter he shall run on the ice with me. It is so tiresome with many gentlemen. When they will accompany me home in the evening, they are so afraid because I speak so loud; and then I must not slide on the ice when there are boys. It is pleasant to be a street-boy now and then. "Off the slide!" I shout, and slide away.'

"If one did not know you, Caroline," said Moritz, 'one might —'

"She knows me better than you do. We have gone to school together. We went in the month of March with cloaks, muffs, and a large parasol, which we held before us against the wind, and the sun shone on our necks, so that our shadows were in the parasol; at every street corner, on the right side, we changed to carry it, and we held it straight before us, and not before our faces, for the wind obliged us to do so. And so you think that she does not know me! It is more for two persons to go under one parasol than to exchange gold rings. Can you understand that?" And she laughed with her eyes as well as her mouth."

Leave-taking is nicely touched in the following morsel:

"Herman was to go on board this very evening; he had prepared himself very quietly for his voyage during the few last weeks. We will not describe his leave-taking of his friends; the few he has he hastens away from as if he were going on a journey for two or three days. We will not look into the pain which dwells within him. Who misses him here? who thinks of him when, in the early morning hour, they weigh anchor in the roads?"

The deaths of several of the persons are briefly told, but most sadly moving (if we may use the phrase) in their picturesque simplicity; but we will not encroach on them, and for relief seek the charms of natural landscape, Claude, Salvator, Cuypp, or Vandevelde.

"The clouds became redder, the moon paler, and the daylight came: they saw the birds above them and on the wayside, the sheep on the moors, and at length a few men here and there on the road, the majority on horseback, and also women.

"Moritz, the day will be fine," began Hedevid, as if driven to speak by seeing the awakening life around her. 'Every morning is in fact a repetition of the creation, just as the Bible tells us it was. First we see the air, then the water; the plants next appear, then the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; and lastly, man!'

"The brother and sister stood at the forepart of the boat: they spoke not a word, their eyes were fixed on the dark swimming islands—the Halligars—the largest of which was the end of their voyage.

"The white mountainous sandbanks on Amrom rose high in the dark atmosphere; the flat Halligars lay like a drift of sea-weed, whose motion has ceased.

"The sea rolled its yellow-green turbid waves, as the tide brings them in. They were obliged to tack; a few strokes of the oars brought them nearer Oland, with its town and church. They saw two female figures approaching the shore; others soon joined them; every figure appeared quite distinct as they came forward, the air forming the background, for the islands are so low, and the extent even of the greatest so insignificant. Here is not a tree, not a bush—a gooseberry bush excepted, which shot forth sickly in a corner of the parson's grounds.

"All the houses of the town are built on layers of beams, and are placed close to each other with small openings between them; it is as if wind and stream had driven them near together, and close to the church, as the sheep to the ram. The small windows are placed high up, painted blue and green: they shine and look as if they belonged to the cabin of a ship."

"It was the time for roses; the great rose-bed in the court-yard, where the wooden-horse had formerly stood, was in its richest flower. In the field outside, the red clover stood, so thick and fragrant with its flowers, that it seemed as if they would also be roses. The air was warm, the clouds so soft and transparent, they might all have been painted, they were so exactly what they should be. The bees flew humming about, and the willow twigs bent under the flocks of sparrows; there was life and movement; and during all this there approached,—not that tawny-white skeleton with his scythe and hour-glass, as he is painted on the church wall,—no, but the renewing angel, the winnowing of whose wing brings from the unknown land an air, within whose breath our earthly body is gently prepared for corruption."

We will now endeavour to pick out a few of the bits of characteristic remark and quiet humour with which the work is studded.

The Old Commodore.—"If he (his grandson) was sat in the cask, he sat well. I have often sat on watch in it, up in the mast, and peeped through the holes after the whales. One sits comfortably sheltered from the wind and cold; and amusing enough it is to see when the whales come and spout up the water like jets through their nostrils, for they swim in ranks, he and she, side by side, the young ones behind; and when the new-born little whale cannot keep up with them, then the mother takes him up on her tail. See, that is what you would also do, mother; one mother is just like another, even if she be only blubber and train oil! and then they rub themselves on the ice-blocks, for they have no combs; one must help oneself as well as one can! If they lose the young one, they turn round directly, even if they have the harpoon in their body, and then they strike with their tails as if they were mad. You would also do that, mother, ha! ha!"

Old Dances and Courting.—"Then she was obliged to tell them all about the festivity and about the dancing. 'Yes,' said she, 'my old commander danced too, but I went only once round; these new-fashioned dances are so difficult, and what are they compared to those in my grandfather's time? I remember them still, though I was so little that I had to be lifted up in the servant's arms to see them. My grandfather was always the first in the dance at all festivals; he was the king, as it is called. They were all in white shirt-sleeves; they all had small bells on each leg; and when he had made a speech—it was in verse—their legs went and the swords went, for they always bore a sword in the dance, and they sprang over it, and they placed them in such a position as to form a rose, and then they held it above their shoulders as a shield, and the king stood on it, and was lifted above their heads.'

"What! the town-judge?" asked Petters, who had not attended to the conversation, and thought that the whole was a description of the wedding dance at Husum. "That was a devil of a dance!"

"Who talks about the town-judge!" answered Madame Leyson; "I speak of old days, of my grandfather, of the old Frisian dancers. Do you think they dance now-a-days with bells on their legs, or form roses in the dance?"

"There was meaning in all our old customs," said the landlord; 'there is not near so much of what is solemn now as in ancient times. I always liked the old dances. Now-a-days it is, 'awing me here, swing me there—it is meaning that's wanting. And then that fine custom at the wedding, that when the young wife was led home for the first time to her husband's house, he drew his sword and stuck it into the thatched roof over the door, and let her go in under it: the marriage-sword was drawn over her.'

"Have you now got into that nonsense?" cried a voice from the kitchen; but the landlord was not to be put out of his talk, and continued: 'and then the old *Fenster*, which has quite died away, nay, is even forbidden by law.'

"And I think it ought to be forbidden," said Moritz; 'it appears to me to be derogatory to all modesty, to continue such a custom as that.'

"It was highly moral," said Madame Leyson; 'my grandmother was a highly moral woman, and she got her husband by the *Fenster*.' When they knew that all were in bed, the young men went each to that house where she lived that he would go a-courting to. The chamber windows were, as we know, never fastened; the lover went very orderly into the chamber, and sat down by the bed; there he could speak the feelings of his heart freely, and if she did not like him she could creep under the bed-clothes as far as she liked, and then he was obliged to go his way. I don't think that this was more shocking than the long betrothals, and that eternal kissing which accompanies it in these times: that I think immoral. Not one kiss did they get in their night courtships. I know it, for my grandmother was a woman of veracity."

"The conversation thus fell more and more into the old customs and usages of the country."

The child Elizabeth's Walk with the kind-hearted Maiden, Keike.—"Now we shall go out this afternoon and amuse ourselves," said Keike, who promised Elizabeth that she would go with her, both to the new and the old churchyard:—it was very pleasant, indeed.

Hand-in-hand, they wandered through the village and across the island, which is scarcely a mile broad. Some sheep were nibbling the stunted grass: they were patted and talked to, and then the two walked on towards the sea, where the old churchyard was, and where the surge, in every storm, had carried away parts of the low slope, and round about there stuck forth pieces of coffins and whole human bones. Keike crept down to the lowest point, and gathered up the bones in her apron, or they would otherwise have soon been washed away. These, she said, she would carry up to the new churchyard, and lay them in the ground there, so that they would at least rest in peace until the sea reached so far.

"Here we will not stay at night," said she, 'for the mourning widow, as she is called, often sits here; and then Keike stated that it was not the ghost of a dead person, but the figure of the living wife, whose husband was drowned at sea. Many a seaman's wife had seen herself sitting here by the strand, dressed in mourning, and wringing her hands, and then she knew that her husband was dead; she—Keike—had seen herself as 'the mourning widow.'

"Such stories as these and others did Keike relate, in order to make their walk pleasant, and then turned towards the new churchyard, where she took a spade and buried the bones of the dead that she had found by the strand, and then said the Lord's prayer over them.

"She led little Elizabeth from grave to grave, for Keike could read the inscriptions and knew all the graves; on some of them there was raised a large and somewhat flat stone, on which was cut, besides the inscription, the deceased person himself, hovering in the clouds, and received by those previously departed. There were many touching and many very short inscriptions: many appeared very curious, but this never came into Keike's mind. Here on one grave-stone one might read that besides the husband himself, here also rested the bones of his still living wife. She herself had had this inscription put on the stone,

so that it must be true. Another stone was put up for a steersman, who had perished at sea, but whose body had never been found, and for the children he had left behind; the date of the year was wanting, but there was a place left for it to be inserted.

"All the gravestones were covered with a damp green growth; not a flower was to be found here, a few box-trees were the only plants one saw, and these were half withered; whereas a few children's graves had pretty mosaic-like borders of shells and round stones, washed up by the sea."

A Touch.—"She was regarded by most people as a rude, uncouth child, and they found that this coarseness increased every day: this Elimar did not notice; as children in general understand other children best, and are understood again by them."

The Phantom Ship.—"The giant-ship is still greater," said Elimar, and told her about the phantom-ship, which the seamen here believe in. 'It sails out in the great ocean, and it is larger than any of the islands here; the deck is so long that the Commander on board is always on horseback to give his orders; the rigging is so large that the young sailors climb up and roll about on the maintop; then years pass away before they are ready to sail, and they come down old men, with white hair!'

"But, where do they get food from?" asked Elizabeth.

"There are inns in all the cross-heads in the rigging, where they can go in. Jap Lidt Petters's father was once on board when he was a boy. They had got into that sea which they call the Channel, there by England, and as it is but a few miles broad, between land and land, the ship stuck fast, and they had to smear the coasts with soft soap, and since that time they have always shone."

"And Elimar believed what had been told him."

The friendship of the Jackdaw and cat is worthy of Esop; but we must now shorten sail, and with a very little more of exemplary extract, take leave of our pleasant task.

The Wagon.—"An old and sickly gentleman sat with his very young wife, and a friend he met with in the wagon approved of his marriage, and spoke very consolingly to the wedded couple, saying, that it was very prudent of him to take a wife that was young and active, as she could nurse him in his old age and sickness, and to whom he could leave means, so that, after his death, she would be able to live in comfort.

"The young wife was an enthusiastic admirer of two things; her old husband, whose fingers she sat and played with, and the theatre in Copenhagen. Her calculations of time were always based upon the opening and closing season of the theatre. When she read in the newspapers that the boxes in the theatre were to be let for the coming season, it was to her, as it is to us to read about the storks having appeared, or that ripe strawberries have already come into the market."

"The invalid exhibited the greatest desire during the whole journey to tell Elizabeth every particular about the country and houses—about everything—but she did not understand him, so peculiar were the remarkable things he pointed out.

"That now is Red House," said he, about a house they passed on the road. In Kjøge he pointed to another house. "There lives my brother-in-law," but Elizabeth turned her head to the opposite side."

Tale of a Shirt.—"The sempstresses in Copenhagen are a distinct class, and highly respectable girls,—with exceptions. Their condition is usually very laborious and painful; their gains are very trifling, and their life is often a prison life. From early morning until late in the evening they must work indefatigably at the houses of families, often entire strangers to them, from whom they receive various treatment. In the houses of the citizens they are generally reckoned of the family, and even take their meals with them, or in the children's bed-rooms; but with persons of a higher rank, they are under a sort of arrest; they are shut up in a room with their sewing, and there does not come a

living being to them, except, as in prison, when their food is brought to them.

"There are many instances of these poor sempstresses utterly avoiding and detesting those houses, where, if even their gains are greater than in other places, they are not able to bear this separation from all society—this eternal silence."

Criticism on Art.—"After the first year I laid aside the pencil and took to the model stick. I had brought myself to acknowledge that sculpture stood yet one step higher than painting. The sculptor is, more than the painter, obliged to restrain his ideas, to simplify his thoughts, and to approach as near as possible to nature; which is, however, our ideal. I studied the antiques in Rome, and the bronzes in Naples so long, that I came to the conviction that I had not genius to produce anything similar. This is a bitter acknowledgment for the young to make; but this bitterness gives health to the soul. It is also something to comprehend what is beautiful in the world—to be able to understand it. The third year I was in Rome I had advanced just so far in my judgment of myself."

On Literature.—"What you have written is pretty and natural, and excels particularly in what most writings in our time want—piety. I ought to congratulate you, because I really, as an elder brother, am fond of you. You have an eye for nature and mankind, you have a heart and purity, as woman should have both, and yet with these great gifts, and whilst they shine forth with a desire to produce something, I am grieved for you. In all sincerity I speak to you—you have courage to come forth before the world, as it were to share with it what God has given you; but remember, that from the moment you do so, you no longer belong to yourself—you must be prepared to find that your best feelings may be misunderstood. You know that I have always upheld the good that is in our native land, but now is the moment when I must point to its opposite. Good-nature is not, at least at this time, a characteristic of the Danish nation; there is in us a tendency to deride, which is far more conspicuous. We have a keen sense of the ludicrous, from which cause we possess a literature of comedies, but amongst the multitude this sense is perverted into a desire to turn things inside out or upside down,—to turn everything into ridicule." Have you strength and courage to bear the derision of the fool? nay, even the best and noblest may vex you. Well, then, I will not say a word more. What is a divine mission will make its way; but do not call forth these feelings in you, do not cherish a flower that deteriorates the good soil, and prevents the thriving of that which might be perhaps more useful and better."

Woman.—"My good child," said she, "pray do not go and dream of a wife until you get one. Adam did so, but the wife he got was no good. There are women's hearts that are like a post-bag, which is full of sealed letters, but the letter itself does not know what is in it."

From these patches some notion may be formed of the "Two Baronesses," but as we have abstained from ought that could interfere with the interest of the story, our readers must excuse their insufficiency to convey an idea of the whole. The Jeanie-Deans-like mission of the younger heroine, the death and eulogium on King Frederick VI., the friend and protector of the lower orders, and the oddities of the elder heroine, ever tending to the same enlightened and protective system, are all excellent in their way. The enthusiasm upon music, the innate piety, the amusing tenor, and the happy conduct throughout, excite at once an unfading interest, and lessons to refine and elevate the mind. In short, Herr Andersen has produced a work worthy of his fame and universal popularity.

THE FINE ARTS.

Observations on Imitation. By Robert Snow, Esq. Pickering.

THOUGH not belonging to the set of Mr. Pickering's Small Volumes reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, pages 625-6; and previous Nos., this book may aptly

be classed with them. Concise, spirited, and just, we agree with the author in nearly every view he takes of every subject connected with the Fine Arts. We begin with sculpture, for instance—

"Under the hands of the sculptor, a block of marble, every way unlike the living subject, becomes an enchanting object of intellectual contemplation. And this is effected (as we shall again have occasion to remark) by the influence of form alone; for, in sculpture, artistical effects of light and shade, and of perspective, are impossible; and any attempt at a closer approach to reality, by colouring, or other adventitious aids—any mistaken substitution of deception for imitation—must defeat its own purpose; and tend, like an exhibition of wax-work, to surprise without pleasing the spectator; not demanding of him any intellectual effort whatever; and merely overwhelming him beneath an ineffectual load of lifeless exemplification. In general terms, it must be borne in mind, the nearer Imitation would approach to the real appearances of Nature, the greater must be the depth and power of the Art that makes those appearances true."

And yet we have within the last three years seen gilding and colouring attempted to be applied as an improvement to sculptured marble! But, on the contrary, "Sculpture is pre-eminently distinguished by its purely abstract quality; its ideality; its admitting of but one style; or, rather, admitting of none; its holding the letter in complete subjection to the spirit of the subject; its rejection of realities for the expression of essential verities. If it falls but a little short of this degree of excellence, it is at once repudiated. The sculptor who would pride himself upon his skill in the expression of detail, and rest in that as an end, thereforwards loses caste:

"Infelix operis summa, quin ponere totum Nesclit."

HORACE.

"All *tours de force*, all petty triumphs, all false appliances and means, are equally unworthy of his calling."

"What then can be so absurd as the phrase we so often hear made use of, when coldness and stiffness is [are] intended to be expressed, that such a one is 'a perfect statue!' But from this very poetry of form, it follows that sculpture is necessarily tied down to rigorous accuracy of outline; for who could bear disproportion in a statue? Who could enter upon a physical question of thews and sinews, when called upon to feel deeply, and to generalize upon moral attributes? Moreover, a statue, being a solid, is, geometrically speaking, of three dimensions; and is, on that very account, brought into such palpable, close, unprotected contact—such immediate juxtaposition and comparison with surrounding objects and the breathing world, that it requires to be insured from meeting with positive contempt by the magic influence of its abstract qualities, with which, as with a kind of divinity, it must be hedged about, or perish. The unities of time and place in a piece of sculpture are, of course, perfect; and it is further imperative on the sculptor to preserve its unity of action perfect. The roughest design ever modelled—the rudest sketch ever dashed off—will be more pleasing than the finished statue that does not quite succeed. It is scarcely too much to say that the sculptor ventures for complete success, or for total failure. And since the sculptor cannot have a style, he cannot become popular. He has nothing in common with modes and fashions. There can neither be a Hunt, nor a Wilkie, nor even a Caracci, in sculpture. The pencil may with facility and propriety descend to naturalism. The chisel may not make a single step of advance in that direction."

He lays it down as a rule that "the number of figures in a piece of sculpture ought not to exceed two or three; and that the most intellectual efforts of the chisel are single figures."

Upon painting Mr. Snow is equally correct and conclusive; and the same on *rilievos*. Thus he remarks:—

"The fine spiral illusion of Trajan's column (one of the very finest sights in Rome, by the by) affords a magnificent example of the properties of *basso-*

rilievo. 'Alto-rilievos, on the contrary, are rarely finely conceived, and are as rarely successful. In them, *statuary* appears to be applied bodily to a background, to which they are hardly referable; and this gives them a confused character. Their fault is a lack of distinctness of purpose; their unity of action is broken and disturbed; the spectator is left in doubt whether the artist intended them to be, geometrically speaking, of two or of three dimensions."

That is to say, to have the qualities of *statuary* or painting.

Generally speaking, "works of imitation are not all admirable because represented, as the vulgar phrase goes, to the life. The artist that would cut *breath*, must compel his chisel to the fashioning of that which his bodily eye never beheld. His end and aim is not the production of a part, but of a whole. His ultimate concern is not with reality, but with truth."

"Sculpture, born to lofty flight and unbounded range of thought, degenerates as soon as domesticated. Painting, by admitting a lower tone, becomes fitted for the cabinet as well as the gallery."

Of the stage it is observed,—

"Theatrical effects, however, are essentially of a complicated nature. They are produced by the joint agency of living performers and of scenery; and this latter is displayed on a stage of both width and depth, necessarily backed by a landscape, a sky, or an interior, upon a plane surface; in fact, by a picture; and it is therefore somewhat of a mixed and ambiguous character; and, properly speaking, mere scenic effect holds no real place at all among the results of legitimate artistic imitation. And this will serve to account for the unpleasant and disturbing kind of effect produced upon a spectator in a theatre by the accidental cutting off from the eye of any part of the figures of the performers on the stage; of their feet, for example, by the line of the front lamps; for, as far as the eye is concerned, no more than by an exhibition of wax-work, are the higher faculties called into operation by the consideration of the painted scene, and the dressed performers, taken as such, apart from the drama to be represented; and therefore, whatever in these particulars is wanting, I do not mean on account of insufficiency, but on account of accidental dismemberment, must remain blank, and unsupplied by the imagination. But the ambiguity of stage effect escapes remark so long as the interest of the audience is engrossed by the action and dialogue, in which the stage's prosperity lies. But when the proper interest of the drama falls off, its prosperity is gone; and vain indeed are the efforts made to elevate stage scenery into a source of legitimate entertainment. Every one must have been struck by the incongruity of the elements of imitation brought together in the moving panoramic views, with which, in spite of their costly magnificence, the effect of our Christmas pantomimes used annually to be chilled. Again, it is curious to witness the violence with which the elements of stage scenery resist any misapplication of their effectiveness. I recollect once having seen some dwarfs, or pigmies, make their entry from that which was intended to represent their proper dwelling—to wit, a cottage painted upon the front scene, on a proportionally diminutive scale; and which therefore bore to the spectator the appearance of a dwelling of the ordinary size, seen in perspective at a considerable distance; so that, on their entrance from the practicable door in the front grooves, a few steps carried the tiny actors to the very foot-lights, over the seeming space of half a mile, to the confusion of all intelligible effect. Palladio's interesting Teatro Olimpico, at Vicenza, exhibits a similar want of judgment in the arrangement of the stage. The building is, to a certain extent, intended to be on the model of an ancient Greek theatre, and is furnished with immovable scenery. At the back of the stage, views of two streets are exhibited by means of solid wooden painted models of houses, made less and less, and placed bodily one behind the other, so as to give the effect of the natural perspective of the streets. And whilst the stage is empty all is well. But when an

actor has to make his entry down one of these vistas, passing in three tragic strides over the apparent space of at least three hundred yards, the effect, as may be readily anticipated, is peculiarly unhappy."

"Further to illustrate the proper nature of scenical illusion, I quote the following anecdote, to the best of my recollection, from Colman. 'Mr. Whitbread contended that the actor was like a portrait in a picture, and accordingly placed the green curtain in a gilded frame remote from the foot-lights; alleging that no performer shall mar the illusion by stepping out of the frame. Dowton was the first actor who, like Manfred's ancestor in the Castle of Otranto, took the liberty of abandoning the canon. 'Don't tell me of frames and pictures,' ejaculated the testy comedian, 'if I can't be heard by the audience in the frame, I'll walk out of it.' And, unquestionably, in this case, the actor was right. Pictorial effect was no part of his business. The manager was in fault to have been misled by the desire of effecting that which was impossible—the reduction of scenical representations to one constant denomination of extension. His error was, the attributing importance to an incongruity, which had, certainly, a real existence; but which, on the boards of a theatre, was of no real consequence."

Without pledging ourselves to entire concurrence, we are tempted to make the following extract, embracing several interesting topics and opinions:—

"Coloured toys and china figures, being conceived and executed in jest rather than in earnest, that is to say, without seriously aspiring to the attributes of sculpture, are, in their proper places, extremely pleasing. In fact, we may often see men and animals, single, or in groups, and emblematical and characteristical figures, executed in china, of really elevated design. Their being coloured is perfectly reconcileable with good taste. Deception is no part of their intention. A china figure of Falstaff, for instance, offends not. Its grade of art is unpretending enough to admit of the kind of thing. But I never saw a representation of that hero, in which an illustration of the character was seriously and formally intended, that had not about it something hatefully incredible. I cannot make an exception on this point, as regards the delineation of Plump Jack, even in favour of certain of the pictures of Fuseli and Smirke. Similar remarks will apply to representations of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, for instance, and other characters, even to some as painted by Leslie, which will readily suggest themselves, that may hardly be represented on canvas. In fact, its proper distinguishing qualities of earnestness and seriousness, seem to unfit a high grade of art, like that occupied by a large majority of our painters, for representing anything, which, when seen with the bodily eye, cannot but verge on farce or caricature. For the same reason, I prefer Hunt's surprising water-colours of fruit, flowers, and birds' nests, in which the downright art is all and everything, to his delineations of juvenile bumpkins, in which there is a striving after a story, and a show of the ludicrous in personal character is attempted. Moreover, there is, to my own feeling, at least, more pleasure in contemplating the peculiarities of Hogarth in the engraving, than in the original picture. His paintings, as works of art, stand so high that they scarcely seem to be suited to the particularizing manner in which the personal singularities of his characters are brought forwards. They frequently resemble delineations on canvas of scenes from plays, which never have a happy effect. But when we descend to the engraving, we think less of the personalities; and feel left more at leisure to follow out, as if we were perusing a favourite writer, the dramatic and moral scenes, so strong and deep, and yet so unobtrusive, which are peculiarly Hogarth's own. For we make discoveries in Hogarth, as we do in Turner's pictures, and in Shakespeare's plays. But to enjoy and appreciate Hogarth fully, you must learn to read him; which is best done in plain black and white. On the other hand, with a great many of Wilkie's pictures, in spite of their wonderful technical excellence, I cannot help lamenting the shallow obtrusiveness of their moral; which, in the engraving, now so cold

and barren, becomes insufferably burdensome. Lauder himself has descended to caricature; and, great as he is, has exhibited pictures, which, from their mistaken intention, cannot please or instruct, either in the painting or the engraving. I have set blame, it will be perceived, on none but Atlantean shoulders.

"The overcharged, and particularizing nature of caricature, is well illustrated by the signal failure of the Daguerreotype, considered as an unerring means of taking portraits. In these productions, for chemical reasons, the metallic plate is variously affected by images which are necessarily of various intensities, depending upon the complexion of the sitters; and, therefore, hardly a case occurs of the process being tried, in which some lights and shadows are not unduly exaggerated, and others wholly or in part omitted; so that a portion of the truth, but not the whole truth is conveyed; thereby in many instances quite falsifying the effect. Moreover, I think it may be said, that our idea of any individual is not formed from the expression of his countenance, or his attitude at any given moment; but from a general average of all the impressions made upon us by his presence at different times; an effect which may well be conveyed by a portrait painted in several sittings, which occupy time; but which the momentary process of the Daguerreotype, except by rare accident, cannot succeed in producing. A machine cannot select, modify, or generalize, and therefore cannot attain to imitation. But copies of Pictures and Statues, and especially of the latter, made with the Daguerreotype, are by no means amiss. In such copies, though they are instantaneously produced, there is no lack of selection, modification, or generalization; because these have been severally secured by the labours of the Artists who have wrought on the originals. Time having already been expended upon them, the process of copying them by instantaneous methods comes in afterwards with its full effect. It can hardly be too frequently repeated, that in the consideration of works of Art, the all-important distinction between Truth and Reality should be carefully borne in mind; and of this distinction the Daguerreotype may be considered as offering a ready mechanical illustration: and for exactly the same reasons, the instrument called the Camera Lucida, used in copying from nature, can produce truly faithful results only in the most experienced hands."

"After all, beset as imitative Art is with the imperious dictates of fashion; entangled as it is with its own ramifications; still, it is naturalness alone that confers on any of its productions effect and value. And, I will yet once again repeat, that the quality of Naturalness—that is to say, of good taste, in Art, is not to aim at a cold and insincere delineation of Reality, but to have the development of Truth for its sole object: whereas, the immediate practical effect of bad Taste is to falsify, by substituting Deception for Imitation; not having the faculty to perceive that the required Truth consists in the selection, modification, and generalization, of the external features of Nature; by which process alone can the mind be rescued from the crude interruptions of circumstance. This is as much as to say, that in order to secure Naturalness, Nature must be improved upon."

For it is a truth that—

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so o'er that art
Which adds to nature is an art
That nature makes . . .
The art itself is nature.

MORAL LESSONS.

Life Lore: Lessons from the Childhood of Nolan Fairfield. Longmans.

"THIS is the age of famine and fun,—of misery and amusement. Extremes have met, and it so happens, that by aid of pictures and puns, human beings, even in the nursery, learn to laugh where they should weep. If we may judge from shop-windows, and library tables, and ladies' boudoirs, and students' sofas, and even parsons' parlours on Saturday morning, *Punch* is fast superseding the Pictorial Prayer-Book and the Bible. The evils of life are only ridiculous, it seems;

and so also, for the like reason, are those of death. History is made a laughing-stock, and eternity only a riddle. The *Majesty* of heaven and earth is made a jest, because children of all ages endeavour to lose sight of the beginning and the end. Such is the nature of foolishness—it jokes, but cannot enjoy. Life, however, seems in earnest to me. I do not remember anything fit to be laughed at. Indeed, I have reason to believe that if I had laughed less I should have smiled more. However, I have learned this, at least—jesting is very inconvenient, and therefore foolish.

"Now, you will judge that if I have any stories to tell, they must be rather serious ones, and so they are, but they are true; for they are those belonging to the records of a real life."

Upon this hint the author writes, and has given us twenty-five impressive moral lessons, drawn from natural circumstances which occur to youthful personages, and the effects of which upon later years are skilfully traced. We select, as an example, a mixed story from the chapter entitled "The Churchyard:"

"Near the low wall, with the gloomy and glossy ivy drooping over it, is the grave of one who loved amiss. The pink yarrow lifts its tufts of faint flowers amidst the rank grass upon that grave, and the bindweed blooms upon the withered rose-bush planted at its foot. On the head-stone, now covered with moss, these words may be deciphered:—

"SARAH AMET, AGED 20 YEARS.
"LOVE NOT THE WORLD."

"This was the name of that young girl who left her dying father, to wander in the moonlight of the Sabbath evening with her lover, to whom she yielded her young heart too completely to be blessed. He, like herself, knew no devotion but to wayward love. Their affections brought them early to the tomb. Disobedient to parental counsel and to the Word of God, they would have satisfied themselves with a heaven of romance, and found reality only in suffering. And this must ever be the case with all who do not understand that true happiness flows from obedience to a law proceeding from a higher than earthly love, but this truth is, indeed, oftener understood than felt and obeyed, for not until their wilful spirits have been humbled in agony and stripped of all hope, do men confidently look unto Him whose nature and property it is always to have mercy and to forgive. Their story is pathetic beyond tears. On the eve of marriage, he was tempted to join a few daring companions, who thought it brave and honourable to defy the game-laws. He deemed it no wrong to furnish his marriage table with dainties from the squire's preserve, and, gun in hand, he sallied forth, with a light and foolish heart; but his party encountered resistance from men as determined as themselves. A scuffle ensued, a shot was fired, and a man fell dead. The betrothed youth was supposed to be the murderer; at least, it was evident that his gun alone had been discharged. He was too brave to fly, and he was seized while kneeling down to stanch the blood flowing from the heart of his victim. So far, there was evidence in his favour; but the law sought life for life, and English laws were, in those days, more barbarous than now. In vain were the pleadings of legal subtlety and skill, in vain the petitions of philanthropists. That youth, just entering upon life, with all the flush and promise of full-hearted hope within his soul, after a hurried trial, heard the word 'Guilty,' from the lips of men who pitied him. Why should not sentence be pronounced? He could only say that the shot was accidental; he could not prove it. He saw the judge take the black cap, and heard him say, 'Prisoner, hope not from man—God have mercy on your soul!' He bore the sentence like an innocent man, and his eye was turned to Heaven. She whom he loved never met his eye again. She visited him, though she knew not of his doom, and she could not but believe that one who had proved himself to her so full of gentle love was guiltless of another's blood. When she saw him in the dark cell, she wondered that he bowed his head in silence, and she knelt to whisper comfort in his ear, but he looked not up, and only uttered, 'I must

die.' From that moment all existence was but as a dream to her; she lost her reason in that moment. She seemed like one who had been dipped in Lethe, or had breathed the oblivious ethereal vapour, the breath of an unconscious world, and afterwards awakened to the remembrance of but a very diminutive fraction of the past. Her heart once more became like that of a little child, and the thoughts and feelings of her infancy alone returned to her. She was conscious only of that state of mind and affection which we may suppose a child of three or four years of age might feel; and it was marvellous to see her delight in stringing daisies to form chaplets for her hair, and to hear her talk, in her play with the children of the village, like one of them. They at first looked at her with amazement and fear; they felt the incongruity of her manner, just as children do who for the first time witness the very unchildlike imitations of childishness in the buffoneries of men and women at Vauxhall, or at the silly Christmas pantomimes of the theatres, so foolishly invented, as if to prove that madness is a poor amusement. By degrees they got reconciled to the strange sight, and being constituted for converting life into a play, they at length enjoy what at first too much astonishes them—the unmanliness of men. Thus the crazy girl became a melancholy puzzle to the village children. Her mother and she often visited Dame Dodge, and hence Nolan had the opportunity of soon acquiring a wonderful influence over her shattered mind, by repeating hymns and strange stories to her. A great mystery, doubtless, she was to him, but not so surprising as to many of her adult neighbours; for he had been familiar with an idiot, and habitually observed more of the peculiarities of objects and the differences in dispositions and minds than the majority of persons about him. In play with him, her mind seemed again to grow susceptible, and it was remarked that she began to talk in her sleep after he had entertained her one evening with a story of his own adventures with the pixies, or piskies, as they are there called. She laughed like a tickled child, when he told her how he had seen a little man, not so high as her knee, when he was returning from the parsonage, in the twilight, through the long field. He said that he knew at once that this was a pixy, because the little fellow took off his hat and bowed very politely, and pointed with his finger to the middle of his forehead: it was just the spot where Nolan at that moment felt a pain, but which was immediately afterwards cured, as if by magic. He was not frightened, although he had never seen a pixy before, but pixies bore good characters in the place, and hundreds of people had seen and talked with them without any injury, except, perhaps, falling into the mire, from whence, however, they were speedily assisted, and were always, in some way or other, ultimately the better for it. In fact, he was lucky who saw a pixy, and fell into a ditch. This was just what happened to Nolan. He followed the little outlandish fellow, with his diverting and pigmy politeness, about the field, in all directions, till the stars became plentiful, when he began to get very anxious to find the stile, but he could not; so he boldly plucked up heart, and spoke to the pixy, and begged that he would be so very kind and obliging as to show him the way home. He thought he heard the pixy laugh at this request, while seemingly turning himself into a small dog. This metamorphosis was not very satisfactory, and Nolan, in his fright, fell backwards into a ditch, just as the pixy assumed his own undefinable form, and stretched out his hand, as if to point out the path. Immediately thereupon, a bright light seemed to shine in the hedge, and then all was dark again; so he sat in the ditch and cried, until he thought he saw Wishtness, which is an unearthly appearance of something or other, without shape, seen only when it is nearly too dark to see anything, and generally supposed, in that part of Devonshire, to indicate the near approach of some calamity to the individual who sees or fancies he sees it. He had not been crying long, however, before he heard the sound of a fiddle, played upon briskly and friskily, as if a psalm tune were turned

into a jig. At this the Wishtness vanished. It was music from the crazy instrument of John Dodge, who was going to an evening party, and practising, to the best of his ability, as he went; so Nolan quickly found the path, and was not long in getting home, where Dame Dodge birched him soundly for being so late and so dirty. The last part of this adventure was no invention, but the preceding was the mere embodiment of a fancy fully credited as a fact by every man, woman, and child among the peasantry of that neighbourhood. It is true that Nolan lost his way in crossing the long field, in the twilight, and quite believed himself to be piskie-led; so it is no wonder that his imagination so readily supplied what was necessary to complete the after-delusion. At the end of his story, his listener wept bitterly, and threw her arms around his neck and fervently kissed him. It was after this new excitement and revolution of feeling, that in her dreams she talked of her love and her sorrows, and often repeated her dying father's words—'Do not despair!'—and seemed to be joining in prayer with him; but when she awoke, not a gleam of rational light was visible beyond what a child of three years of age might manifest. In one thing, however, she was not a child—she could not be quieted on a moonlight night without a long walk. On such occasions, she would sometimes sit for hours together in the cold dew, near a stream that ran by the side of a wood, and all the while keep repeating, in a low voice, 'What's hope? what's hope?—'tis to-morrow, 'tis to-morrow.' It was supposed that in this manner she caught a cold, which terminated in that common and fatal disease, consumption. She died about a year after her lover. It is said that a few minutes before her death, she spoke to her mother thus: 'Don't put out the candle yet, mother!' and immediately after, repeated the first prayer which her mother had taught her, when she was an infant in her arms. She died with the word 'Father' the last upon her lips.

In another place there are some very touching ideas of a blind child:

"It was on a Sunday afternoon that Nolan first met that child under the shadow of a cypress tree behind the church, weeping on her mother's grave. He went up to her, as children do, and after watching her in silent amazement for a few minutes, said, 'Do you want anything, little girl? Why do you cry so?'"

"No, I thank you," she replied; "I am only very sorry."

"Only very sorry! thought Nolan; and the tears came in his eyes. He stood gazing on her face, and wondering. Then he said, 'Do you see me, dear little girl?'"

"Oh no, I don't see anything but thoughts!"

"She was again silent, and the large tears rolled down both her cheeks."

"In the midst of their frolics, Nolan asked her if she had ever seen her mother. She stood silent and sad for a few minutes, and then abruptly answered—"

"Yes, but not with my eyes, but I felt how beautiful she was. She often comes to kiss me when I am asleep, and she smiles on me when I throw my arms around her neck. She brings me beautiful flowers that smell very sweet, sweeter than roses or violets in the morning."

"You can't see the flowers?"

"Oh, yes, I can."

"What! see their colours, and the shapes of their leaves?"

"Yes, to be sure I can. Why not?"

"Well, now, of what colour is this flower?" putting into her hand a white lily, which he gathered for her from the neighbouring garden.

"Oh, I don't know what you call it, but I call it a very smooth colour—a cold, smooth colour, like a dead baby's face."

"The blind have as many ideas excited by music as have those who see. They experience thereby the ideal perception of motion and form, which implies the action of a sense akin to that of vision. But, in fact, the senses only tend to modify our feelings of ourselves, and whatever awakens ideas makes us feel ourselves personally in association with things about

us. Mental action is a sense of our own persons, in relation to other beings and persons. This is realized as much through one of the senses as through all of them; but the fewer the senses, of course the fewer the varieties in the mode of association. The highest aim and purpose of all the human senses, except, perhaps, taste, which administers almost exclusively to the appetite for food, is towards sociality and the choice of companions."

"The blind are very fastidious about form, surface, consistence, smell, and sound. They read the characters of persons and things by these means."

"She learned, by touch, to read the epitaphs on the tombstones. Nor was the process a tedious one. She quickly mastered the letters, and found such delight in exercising her new faculty, that she soon became familiar with every quaint and melancholy memorial engraved on her 'dead-stone books,' as she called them. This was a natural anticipation of a most philanthropic invention."

These specimens, we trust, will speak well for the whole.

THE FAIRFAX PAPERS.

Mr. Johnson's Fairfax Correspondence, &c.

[Second Notice.]

As the Opposition in Parliament gathered strength, murdered Stafford, and executed the aged Land, they took into their view the extinction of episcopacy and the degradation and punishment of the Judges, whom they accused of subserviency to the Court; and these things bring us to the annexed extract:—

"It is (says the Editor) usual to attribute to Charles the merit of altering the tenure by which the judges held their places; but that praise has been misdirected to him, for it is attributable to the House of Commons. On the 15th of January, 1641—for even the very birth-time of this salutary safeguard of the due administration of justice deserves to be recorded—Charles assented that for the future this clause, 'Quamdiu se bene gesserint,' might be inserted in the patents of the judges, instead of 'Durante bene placito.' Charles assented, but the proposition emanated from the House of Commons, and a committee had waited upon the King to suggest and to advocate the change."

"The misconduct of the bishops came next under the consideration of the House; misconduct so strongly marked, involving them so deeply with secular affairs, that the besom of reform, in sweeping over the offenders, was directed quite as much against the existence of episcopacy, as against the evil-doings of individual bishops."

"The opinions of men, even among the most moderate of reformers, at that time, may be gathered from the following letter:—

"To my very loving brother, Mr. Henry Fairfax, at Ashton-under-Line."

"Good Brother,—I have received your letter, and in it a petition for an university to be erected at Manchester, which cannot be done but by a bill in Parliament. The charge will be great—about one hundred marks: and the effecting what is desired will be very uncertain. Those well affected to the new universities (which include, indeed, every member of our House,) will be in danger to oppose this. I should be most glad to have such a bill pass, as beneficial not only to that, but all the northern counties. I shall advise with the knights and burgesses of that county, and go the way they shall think fittest; but I much fear a happy issue of it, especially now that the House has made an order to entertain no new matter till some of those great and many businesses we have grasped be ended, the chief whereof are my Lord Lieutenant's trial, this day only entered into, which is like to hold one week; the next will be my Lord of Canterbury's trial, and with that, Episcopacy and Church-govern-

* "Parl. Hist. II. 702. The statutes, 13 Wm. III. c. 2, and 1 Geo. III. c. 23, did little more than ratify this first suggestion of the Long Parliament, for securing the independence of the judges."—En.

ment,—(I hope not the liturgy, which many shoot at; and we have gone no further in that as yet than to vote in these words: 'That the legislative and judicial power of Bishops in the House of Peers is a hindrance to the discharge of their spiritual function, prejudicial to the commonwealth, and to be taken away by Bill.' This act is framing, and does exclude not only them, but all clergymen, from power in the Star Chamber, Council Board, Commission of Peace, and all civil courts. The next charge will be against the Judges, for subverting the laws of the land, into which we are not yet entered; nor can we hope for half that time of sitting, which will be requisite to make examples of offenders in the several kinds. For the other part of your letter, you desire to know what I will grant out of the whole estate unto you and children. Truly, brother, you must give me leave (so long as you think a third part, or any whiff of it, due by law or reason, considering the will of my dear father) to forbear a signification of what I will grant; nor can your own or my sister's coming (as you write) to move friends to intercede, prevail more with me than your friends are able without any such frinds.

"I intend, if it please God, to be very shortly in the country, wearied with much toil, and infirm in this evil air, where I shall be glad to see my sister and you; and the rather to invite you, my brother and sister Constable, now lodged at the Pear-Tree in the Covent Garden, have promised to come down with me, and stay this summer in the country. She has her health much better than her husband. My cousin Aske and his wife remember them to you. I think neither of them will come down. He is in his lodging again in the Temple, and in reasonable practice. Thus, with my best wishes to yourself and my sister, I rest,—Your very affectionate brother,

"FER. FAIRFAX.

"King-street, this 22nd of March, 1640.
(N.S. 1641.)"

We select the following also as significant of the age, and strange exponents of circumstances, and the condition of the people, so different from our day:—

"The suspicion that Charles might tamper with one or other of the armies, was not the only motive which induced the Parliament to require the early disbanding of the armies. This motive was sufficiently urgent when they found that those whom they hoped to have as servants and assistants, were in some danger of becoming their masters and oppressors; but another incentive to the speedy breaking up of such dangerous instruments arose from their mutinies and maraudings—conduct which may be best narrated, with other particulars, by the following letters:—

To the Lord Fairfax, at the Saracen's Head, in King's Street, Westminster, present.

Right Honourable,—I am to return your lordship humble thanks for your frequent remembrances of me, that can no ways correspond with your lordship but in affection, though this dull letter is a defect at this time, indeed more than usual, and may make them questionable. I have sent your lordship a rude draught of your quarters, which your workman may conceive, at least by the subscription. The escutcheons in the church are placed in that position, that the want of one, besides the liberty to others of removing more would have made a breach, and blemished the rest. Upon Christmas eve was brought into the parish of Tewton, Captain Langley's company, heretofore billeted about Harrogate, but now unequally dispersed in that parish. They had no good report before they came, yet I hear not of any great enormity since their coming, though they be many weeks behind their pay, for which they have their captain (a man of ill government, still at Harrogate) in suspicion. The lieutenant, Captain Rouse, a complete gentleman, who has served as major at the Isle of Rhé, has a special care and vigilant eye on them. It is much to be feared we shall have ill neighbours in them, and when their landlords' provisions fall them, that they will cater for themselves. Captain Hartly will inform your lordship of a rescue attempted at Baildon, by three

or four pressed soldiers, of whose company I know not. Two blue coats of your lordship's regiment being special bailiffs, kept still their prisoner, and dismissed their opposers with a broken sword. Our wise constables threaten the inhabitants with the sessions, if they refuse to billet the soldiers and their wives, though some confess with a loathsome disease.

"Some of our substantial freeholders intend to wait on your lordship to see if that can be effected in Parliament, which you have so often, not without some fruit, attempted for their ease of attendance at the assizes and sessions; and to see what can be done about such a project as the late Lord Savile began concerning tenures *in capite*, of lands of mean value, &c. My wife presents her service to your lordship, and with her, your lordship's ever affectionate brother to serve you,

"C. FAIRFAX.

"Menston, this 6th of Jan., 1640.
(N. S. 1641.)"

The next letter is from a gentleman who figures much in the Correspondence, a Yorkshire magistrate of the name of Thomas Stockdale, and an out-and-out enemy to the King, Court, Cavaliers, Papists, and everything obnoxious to the republican party. How unscrupulous as to means he was may be surmised from many passages in his letters. For instance, in the affair of a borough election, he strives hard to get the heads of the opposite side into trouble. Thus he writes:

"Touching Robin Benson's boldness, in issuing an order for bailing of Warwick, contrary to the vote of every Justice present at the sessions, I am confident he did it, though to your lordship it may seem incredible, and use may be made of it when your lordship sees it opportune.

"I have sent answer to Sir William Constable, touching the petition against William Derelove; I intend it shall be with him the next post, if not sooner. I could not attend it altogether myself, because of my resort to York about this business of the country, so I left it with Richard Rodes, who promiseth to get me more hands to it, for I only moved half a dozen principal men that signed it.

"Here is Tom Parker, that was William Derelove's man at London; he came home on Tuesday last; he says his master is not yet admitted into the House, but he hopes every day to be received, and that thirty-two more are kept out as well as he is. I had a private advertisement that William Derelove doth not in this business altogether follow the advice of his friends upon whom he most reposeth in other occasions; because, he hopes to get into the House by help of the contrary faction, out of which phrase something may be gathered, that he either is a great politician, or else he is notably deluded.

"The new order of the House for apprehending Benson and his sons that rescued him, it seems excuseth his wife, in favour of her sex, which is a most noble consideration; but if they knew what monstrous, rather than masculine, acts she hath heretofore performed, in the like rescues of the same person, they would have punished her the rather for this. Yet, truly I think it is punishment enough to separate them, for it is partly her pride and wicked disposition that misguides him in many particulars, and caused him to set up her son to be Burgess."

And again,—

"We desire that, in regard these expenses for guard of the magazine fall upon the country, through the danger threatened by the recusant party, the charge may be borne out of their legal fines. In time the proposition will ripen to ampler demands, as occasions do increase, of which there is too much appearance already, and they likely to swell greater every day, if this distance continues between the King and his people; which I doubt will discover that the malignant party is not confined within the bounds and number of the recusants.

"Your lordship may peradventure observe in our resolutions sent to you and Mr. Bellasis, that we have not kept ourselves strictly within the compass of the letter of the law; for where sudden insurrections are to be prevented, there I conceived that *Salus populi suprema lex*; and the large compass of

the order of Parliament seems not to intend a narrow limitation of form. I hope my cousin Bethell will bring order to enlarge the former authority, which some scrupulous men are apt to boggle at; and then I hope the gentlemen and all the country generally, that stand well-affected, will join in resolution for the public safety: yet in this assembly of the Justices I observed not one of the East Riding to resort unto it.

"I inquired of the Sheriff what warrant he had to put this order of Parliament into execution, and he answered, a direction from the Knights of the Shire. I pressed no further to have it shown, lest the work which is good and necessary might have been impeded by some who might desire to check at any occasion, and dissect it. I only in private showed Sir Thomas Fairfax, your son, what your lordship had imparted to me.

"On Monday last, Stamford, the messenger, came to apprehend Henry Benson and his sons, but failed in his attempt; for they had warning of his coming, both by their servant, Tom Parker, who lay at York to watch when the messenger should come there, and also, as report goes, from Mr. Robert Trapps and Mrs. Plumpton. And though I think the messenger needs not much care for missing of them, because his fees will increase by it, yet to hear how Mrs. Benson (who feared she had been in the warrant) hid herself in William Barroby's hogsty, and what hard shift old Harry and his two young shifters made to hide themselves from the messenger and his assistants, would make us a pretty comedy."

We return, however, from the character of the man to his letters to Lord Fairfax:—

"I know the work of that House is not yet at an end; there are yet many good ordinances abused, that must be explained, and many general evils that must be taken away, and many grieved subjects, whose particular wrongs must be redressed; and, amongst these, the least is not the abuse of the soldiery, under which burthen this part of Yorkshire now groans, and cannot long subsist without ruin. It is true that if money were constantly paid them every week, the sufferance and wrong would be unto many less sensible, though the oppression and injury be still the same, for the want of pay is most grievous to the country, who are forced to credit the soldier with all necessities, and trust to the King and Parliament for their payment in the end.

"But the insolency of the soldiery is such, as they do not only abusively use all persons whatsoever, and beat, affront, and vilify them; but also by stealth, and by open force and robbery, they take all men's goods, and consume them as they please, or sell them and spend the money in lewdness; and if any resistance be made, the parties resisting have ill language and blows, and always greater mischiefs attempted on them. And if complaint be made to the commanders, sometimes, but rarely, they imprison the offenders, but never make restitution of the goods taken, nor recompense for them; and the complainers have sometimes been beaten, sometimes neglected, and sometimes for recompences threatened to have soldiers laid upon them; so that partly through the imperious carriage of the captains, and partly for fear of the soldiers' revenges, which they ever threaten, and assuredly execute upon complainers, no man, in a manner, dares now complain, nor resist the soldiers doing him wrong. And for searching for stolen goods, no man dare attempt it; for the soldiers beat both constables and proprietors that offer to search. The insolencies and oppressions are so infinite, and of such several kinds, that to relate them would rather seem a volume than a letter; and the cause of them all, as I conceive, is not want of pay, as they pretend, but want of discipline; the soldiers being suffered to range all over the country without control, and being never called to give any account of their wanderings. I do not think that any of this regiment about Knaresborough have been exercised these eleven weeks; so that we must raise subsidies to pay them, and yet they spoil us!

"Methinks it were not unfit to move in Parliament, that the hosts in the country should be paid for their billet, and that speedily, for they have trusted till

they have not means to give further credit. But before either commander or soldier be paid the rest of their entertainment, it seemeth reasonable that these should be examination, what wrong and spoil hath been done to the civil subject by them, and by what encouragement, sufferance, or occasion it hath been done; and, thereupon, some reasonable reparation made to every man according to the proportion of his losses, and that to be done out of the remainder of their pay. It would be an act of great justice becoming that House; and it would both beget confidence in the subject of reformation, and also terror in those that hereafter had any desire to offend in the like kind. But this and all other my conceptions I submit to your lordship's more grave and judicious consideration; yet with all this confidence that your lordship and the rest of your worthy assistants of this country will advise of some way to send comfort to your oppressed neighbours; and I, with the rest, shall be obliged."

Another letter:—
 "I do still study to find out some pretence of business to countenance the address of my observances towards your lordship, which do interpose themselves amongst more serious affairs. Upon Tuesday last, the Lord Marquis Hamilton's regiment disbanded, and are all gone homewards. The continual spoils and thefts they committed all over the country where they quartered, occasions much joy amongst the country people when they were rid of them; for whilst they were amongst them, they did so overawe the civil subject, as they durst not complain of their sufferings. The commanders have made up new accounts for the soldiers' billet-money; and in some places have in a manner constrained a consent of the people to them, although the accounts come far short of their just demands. Those moneys due to the country, are or should have been all left in the paymaster's hands. But Mr. Bradley, the paymaster, showed me his notes, by which I recollect that divers of the captains have gotten into their hands much of the country's moneys. And I hear, that divers of the captains and officers have left their credits in their quarters undischarged, of which I cannot yet make an exact certificate, to your lordship, because the country have not yet in all places brought us in their new billets. But I send your lordship enclosed a note of such collections as I can make for the present, which will in part show the errors that have happened in that business; in it is contained

"I have writ to Lieutenant Colonel Fielding of them, who peradventure will order some way of redress; if not, the country's money must be stopped out of the captains' half-pay which is still due to them, and intended to be paid the next November.

"Yesterday good Sir Henry Goodrick left us; he hath been sick, about three weeks. His disease, by the symptoms, seemed to be the stone, of which he rather languished than suffered any extreme fit. But the nauseaousness of his stomach would not admit of meat, which-wanting, his spirits wasted; so yesterday, about two o'clock afternoon he died, at the loss of whom I am not a little grieved, for I have found him very nobly respective to me, and upright in all his intentions, so far as I could observe. I am now going to attend his burial."

The day after his death. The next let us run,—
 "I understand every day by continual advertisement and general report, that the great council, where your lordship now assists, proceed with a noble resolution and constancy in the vindicating of their country's liberty, lately most dangerously wounded and even at the last gasp of life by the treachery of her judges, who being fathers of the law, ought to have been her protectors. I know you will find too many other great persons who have been favourers and furtherers of these violations of law and liberty, and that many have been sharers in the profit, who do all of them deserve heavy fines and other brands of ignominy. But if all the judges escape with life, and none of them suffer *ultima supplicia*, I fear your clemency will be more memorable than your justice in that case."

(The conclusion in our next.)

Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.
Second Series, Vol. III. Part I.

THIS valuable literary fasciculus contains five papers, of a character only too rare in the present condition of publishing; we mean to imply that they are worthy of the better times of learned research and classic literature. The first is on the Inscribed Pottery of Rhodes, Cnidus, &c., by J. L. Stoddart, Esq.; the second and third, on the Turin Book of Kings, (corresponding to the sixth and twelfth of Manetho,) by Dr Hincks; the fourth, on Egyptian Cartouches and other ivory ornaments, found at Nimroud, by S. Birch, Esq.; and the fifth, the description of a Greek MS. found at Thebes, by A. C. Harris, Esq. All these essays have been correctly reported, as they were read in the proceedings of the Society, in the *Literary Gazette*, (of which we boast as the only periodical which conveys such information to absent members and the public at large; and therefore we are relieved from the otherwise agreeable task of pointing out the mass of new light thrown on ancient national intercourse and traffic by Mr. Stoddart's curious labours; the important illustration of Egyptian history and chronology, by Dr. Hincks; the connexion of that country with Assyria in the earliest ages of authentic record, by Mr. Birch; and the remarkable question brought to issue by Mr. Harris's interesting discovery. His liberal publication of the fragments which he has preserved, (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1650), has already attracted the studious attention of distinguished Greek scholars at home and abroad; and whether this discourse is determined to be the genuine and original Oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes, for receiving bribes from Harpagus, or an exercise of the Alexandrian school of Sophists a few centuries later, it will nevertheless remain in itself a singular revival from oblivion, and a fertile subject for scholia, which if they do not clear up the main point or points at issue, never fail in the hands of able men to elicit matters of general instruction and welcome reception to the intellectual world. The appearance of the Society's Transactions in the octavo form is, we consider, well calculated to extend its popularity and usefulness.

The Fortune-Tellers' Intrigue; or, Life in Ireland before the Union: a Tale of Agrarian Outrage.
By T. R. J. Polson. 3 vols. Dublin: M'Glashan.
London: Orr and Co.

CONTRASTING the period at which this story is supposed to have occurred with the present time, the author is hardly warranted in taking so favourable a view as he does of the improvement which has taken place. We trust, however, that some advance has been made, and the seed sown which will rapidly spring up to reward the labours of the friends of Ireland.

With regard to the work itself, it is bitter against the Roman-catholic priesthood of Ireland; and draws one of them in the light of an abettor to murder, and an excuser of every crime committed by those of his flock against Protestant heretics. There may be such persons among this numerous body; but we cannot believe in the *ex uno disce omnes*. The descriptions of the agrarian and religious conspiracies and conspirators, spies, approvers, crimes, murders, trials, executions, agents, magistrates, middlemen, &c., are minutely traced; and the whole is elaborated in an Irish patois, which we presume to be the true thing. One of its striking features, which every tourist in the country must have noticed, is the offensive interlarding of every sentence in common parlance with the most sacred names, and adjuration to the most sacred objects of worship, the Godhead, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and saints of every kind. When these come to be for ever mixed up with evil designs, bloodshed, or even trivialities, the effect is very obnoxious; and herein the verisimilitude, instead of being acceptable, is a drawback upon the book.

Yet it may be perused with satisfaction as a vivid representation of a bad era, every step out of which must be welcomed. The Fortune-tellers (two women) are well drawn; and the *facile descensus* of the two men, led from good feelings and habits, to the most

atrocious guilt, is (we dare to say) not far from common cases; a warning to all against secret meetings for any cause whatever. The wife of the elder criminal, Peggy, is the most genuine and effective of the whole. The heroine daughter, Kate, is, to our mind, a failure; but as the author attributes so much to a false religion, it may not appear so to him.

The "Boys" are pretty well varied. A superstition (among others) is mentioned, which we do not remember to have met with before—that is, when the cock crows in the night time, to feel his feet: if warm, it forbodes good; if cold, evil. Such was the fate of Paddy Donnelly.

School of Chemistry. By Robert Dundas Thomson, M.D. Pp. 232. Longmans.

THE second title of this work expresses fully and faithfully its contents, "Practical Rudiments of the Science." We know of no compilation so well calculated in the hands of the teacher, or even of an intelligent youth, to train the mind to the realization of practical chemistry.

English Mediæval Embroidery. Parker. A LIGHT and pleasant account of embroidery from early times, when courts, and church dignitaries and chivalrous knights, and great dames, and others of the high classes of society, disported in gold and silver tissues, and gem-bespangled garments (like the Prince Esterhazy of our degenerate and ill-dressed age); and you could tell at a glance whether the wearer was a baron or a barber, an abbot or an artisan, a courtier or a clothier. One good antiquarian deduction is made from the general view, namely, that the effigies and brasses in churches not only represented the persons and features of the dead, but the raiment which they actually and individually wore in their lifetime. This has always been our opinion, and we are glad to have it corroborated.

The second part of the little *tome* gives instructions for reviving this splendour-giving art, and a dedication to Lady Alford evokes her patronage of it. It could not be in better hands; and her noble father could certainly command as many fine old samplers as any person in the kingdom, for patterns to the new school.

But for whom are these beautiful productions to be wrought? Royal pageants and fancy costume balls might create a partial demand; and a few of our superior dandies might take a *vested* interest in the manufacture. Still there would hardly be enough to employ many of our fair allies, and seduce them from landscapes, sylvan characters, and animals in German worsted. The only other channel we can imagine would encourage a branch of industry for which we have no great affection; we mean the enthusiastic admiration of many young ladies for pet preachers, and which has hitherto been demonstrated in lace bands, tamboured pocket-handkerchiefs, neck-cloths, collars, wrought gloves, and other articles of personal adornment. The pale and interesting recipients of these favours might hereafter have, along with them, especially if belonging to the Tractarian School, embroidered copes, albs, altar-cloths, dalmatics, scapularies, shirts, hoods, and other lovely presents, which would set them and their churches off to much advantage, and augment the benefit of clergy in a manner unknown to former ages.

A number of very nice engravings illumine the subject, and some of them are of considerable archaeological curiosity.

Heartsease and Dewdrop. By C. M. Cleaver. A VERY pretty and instructive fairy tale for childhood. The invention does credit to the fancy of the writer, and the conduct of the story after it has been begun, is of an order to affect the mind whilst it conveys excellent moral lessons. There is but one objection, and it is of a nature we have often dwelt upon in noticing productions for youth—namely, the great difficulty of avoiding some dangerous taint, whilst endeavouring to inculcate the purest principles. Thus, for instance, in this tale the origin of the condition of the two infants, Heartsease and Dewdrop, the one governed by Love and the other by Fear, depends upon a parental error in the latter case; for

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whilst the father and mother of Heartsease wisely pray for her protection by a good genius, the father and mother of Deward forget the precaution, and foolishly pray for the protection of some powerful being who should load her with riches and honour. This subjects her to the dominion of Fear, (by the by not very likely to conduct her to honour,) and Falsehood, Deceit, Gloom, Meanness, follow in the train to make her life unhappy and miserable. On the other hand, Love brings with her Truth, Courage, Joy, Patience, Hope, and other Virtues, whose influence render Heartsease the best and gladdest of children. But we must observe that in neither case do the results, in the first instance, depend on the children themselves, but on the acts of their parents; and in so far the moral is not only imperfect but injurious. For the rest, it is a touching and neatly embellished little book; and, with this defect pointed out, well calculated to be a benefit to, and a pet with, the rising generation.

Seven Fairy Tales. Parker.

Very desirous of inculcating morality; but possessing almost the worst defect of fairy tale-work—viz., that of dullness. The lessons are too direct for the class of writing they affect, and which, at least, ought to have some of the gilding of imagination.

Model Men. By Horace Mayhew. Bogue.

Sketches of various characters smartly executed, and one of the steam-boat and railway class of *belles lettres*. The embellishments are also clever. Perhaps the Fast Man will appear to be the most extraordinary nuisance to country readers, and to persons who are only acquainted with the higher or respectable classes of society.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENCKE'S COMET.

THE return of this highly interesting body, the period of whose revolution is about three years and a quarter, was observed in the United States on the 28th August, in England on the 3rd and 4th, and at Parma on the 20th September. M. Colla describes it as seen at Parma, between *epistola* Auriga and star 58 of Perseus, "a feeble circular nebulosity, with a condensation of light at the centre, and presenting at intervals, through the whole nebulous mass, traces of scintillation." The *Times* of yesterday states that on the 1st inst. its diameter was found (Mr. Bishop's observatory in the Regent's-park?) to exceed 65,000 miles, though very small stars might be seen through its centre. About the middle of this month, or somewhat later, the comet will most likely become visible to the naked eye. It will remain continually above the horizon of London for the next fortnight. This evening "it will be seen near the star 27 Lynx; on the 14th, between *theta* and *iota* Ursæ Majoris; on the 19th, near *omega* of the same constellation; on the 23rd, at midnight, in a line with *mu* Ursæ and the well-known star of Canes Venatici, called Cor Caroli, about 6° distant from the former; while at the same hour, on the 28th of October, it will be near a star of the fourth magnitude, numbered 23 in Coma Berenices. Nearly ten years must elapse before another such favourable opportunity of showing this comet will occur."

THE COLOUR BROWN.*

M. ENCKE BRUCKE, in his paper "On the existence of the Colour Brown," read before the Physical Society of Berlin, states that "Brown is wanting in the prismatic spectrum, and its relation to the colours of the spectrum is as yet unknown. Any one may, however, easily convince himself that brown is nothing more than the complementary colour to that of Herschel's lavender-gray rays—i. e., white light from which these rays have been removed. For this purpose, separate plates should be split from crystallized gypsum in such a manner that on one side they are as thin as possible, and from it gradually increase in thickness in broad terraces. One of these plates is

placed under the microscope, which must be furnished with two Nicol's prisms, one beneath the object-glass, and one in the eye-piece, and so arranged, the prisms being parallel, and the linear magnifying power being about twenty diameters, (at a distance of eight French inches,) that the above-mentioned thin side is in the field. If it is sufficiently thin, no colour is perceived immediately at the side; but as we proceed towards the thicker part, at first a pale brown tint becomes visible, as if we were looking through a very thin plate of horn, and as the thickness of the plate gradually increases in broad and low terraces, the brown continues to become darker, until it assumes a deep and pure nut-brown colour, without the intervention of any of the prismatic colours which the thicker parts of the plate exhibit."

Crossing the prisms to produce the complementary colour, the brown becomes lavender-gray, and the intensity of this colour is in proportion to the depth of the brown previously observed at the same spot.

IRREGULARITY OF VISION.

Two cases of irregularity of vision are described by Mr. Heineken; the first in the hope that the circumstances under which it occurred may afford some clue to the cause. He says:—

"Having occasion to divide a yard into a thousand parts, I used an eye-lens of six inches focus to assist the right eye while dividing—the left was kept closed. I had been employed about two hours in making 400 divisions, and then left off. I then found that upon looking at a window on the opposite side of the street with the LEFT (*unemployed*) eye, the bars were THIRPLE, while with the RIGHT (*employed*) they were SINGLE. This effect lasted (gradually decreasing) for at least two hours; the bars were also surrounded by a strong penumbra. At first, objects—such as people on horseback—were so distorted, that I had great difficulty in deciding what they were."

The second case occurred more than twelve months after, and had no connexion with the previous cause of multiple vision. The eye had not been at all "overworked on the previous day or for some length of time."

"Upon rising one morning I observed in the right eye, as it were, innumerable faint scintillations or lucid points, the whole field of vision being covered by them. Upon going to a looking-glass, I found that I could not see one half of the face with that eye—it appeared perfectly dark. The effect lasted perhaps half or three quarters of an hour."

A COLOURLESS ATMOSPHERIC ARCH.

MR. HENWOOD writes from the Gongo Soco Gold Mines in Brazil, to Sir David Brewster, as follows:—

"The village of Cattas Atlas is situated in long. 43° 15' west, and lat. 19° 58' 30" south, on an open undulating expanse of pasture land, about 3500 feet above the sea, bounded on the south-west by the mountain-chain of the Caracás, which rises from 4000 to 5000 feet above it, a deep narrow glen intervening between them. At about seven o'clock in the morning of the 12th of May last, I had occasion to cross this open country towards the north-west, almost on the edge of the ravine. A dense mist covered all the lower grounds, whilst the little hills shone in unclouded sun-light; in the fog a light air from the westward was perceptible, but a gentle breeze in an opposite direction prevailed on the hills. During my journey, I passed several times from sunshine into mist, and vice versa. Whilst immersed in fog on the verge of the vale, and some 400 feet above its bottom, an arch of about forty-five degrees in altitude became visible. In width, and, indeed, in every other respect, it exactly resembled a rainbow, except that the whole of its upper part was entirely colourless, being, as it were, a bow of denser mist surrounded by the ordinary fog. For an altitude of about ten degrees, however, of the lower portion, which was beneath the horizon of my station, it had the faintest possible tint of violet colour, which was rather more perceptible in the south-eastern extremity

than in the other. On entering the mist a second time, a few minutes later, I observed a similar, but fainter and less perfect arch."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Description of an Astrological Clock belonging to the Society of Antiquaries. Communicated to the Society by Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N., K.S.F., D.C.L., Director.

THE very able antiquary, fortunately for the Society of Antiquaries now in the office of Director, has, in this Letter addressed to the President Lord Mahon, brought together much interesting information on the subject of horology. He has investigated the matter so thoroughly, that it might be said of him in the past tense,—

"He has watched the horologe a double set,
And drink not rocked his cradle."

This clock is of Bohemian make, and the earliest, in its pristine condition, now to be found in England. Its face (neatly engraved) is very curious; and with inscriptions and armorial bearings enables Capt. Smyth to trace it to its original owners. In advancing to this proof, he observes:—

"Notwithstanding our actual business is to deal with clocks rather than with watches, it will not be foreign to the subject to add, that the latter were an earlier invention than is usually ascribed to them by those who look to the *Nuremberg Eggs* as the earliest attempts. Now, though the claim of that of Robert Brace be inadmissible, there are some extraordinary specimens of old watches extant; and the choice collection of my friend Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., which he favours me by now exhibiting on our table, affords a decisive proof of their having been made at least one hundred years before Isaac Habrecht, the reputed inventor, was born. Sir Ashton Lever is said to have possessed one dated 1531; and among the earliest with which we are positively acquainted is that once belonging to Queen Mary of Scotland, which was described to this Society by Henry Wansey, Esq., F.S.A., on the 14th of November, 1822. That very remarkable time-keeper is in the strange shape of a death's head, with the arms of France and Scotland engraved on separate shields on each side of the skull's jaws. An inscription—EX DONO FR. R. TH. AD MARIAM. REG. SCOTIÆ ET FR.—together with the date 1560, shows that King Francis II. of France, had presented it to his youthful bride full thirty-seven years before watches were supposed to be brought over from Germany to England; and a strict comparison of it with a watch of the present day would afford an interesting insight into the progress of a highly advanced and most useful art. Indeed this piece of mechanism, when well planned and properly executed, according to the due relations now ascertained, has so nearly reached perfection, that it must be regarded as a striking evidence of human ingenuity, containing within itself a treasury of inventions; and it will add interest to the question to recollect, that a good three-quarter plate watch, as usually made, requires no fewer than 138 distinct several pieces in its frame, train, escapement, potence, fuzes, arbours, clicks, ratchets, and other curiously contrived and nicely adjusted constituents. To these appliances must be added the chain, which contains sixty-three links and forty-two rivets to every inch; and, it being generally six inches in length, comprises 630 pieces, thus swelling the contents of a common detached lever watch to 768 separate parts, to construct which gives occupation to no fewer than thirty-eight or forty different kinds of artificers."

Capt. Smyth shows that it is erroneous to attribute to clocks the great antiquity for which some authors have contended, and says:—

"On the whole it may be received, that these ingenious instruments were actually used in some of the European monasteries about the twelfth century; yet the evidence on which this assumption rests goes far to show that it is probable Europe is not entitled to the honour of the invention; but that it is rather to be ascribed to the Saracens, a people to whom we

* This and the two following subjects appear in the *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month.

are indebted for many of the choicest results of science and art. Dante, about the year 1300, mentions the striking clock as a very familiar image in *Il Paradiso*, with his 'orologio che ne chiami,' and its 'tin tin sonando.'

"The earliest plausible English claim is, that in the year 1288 a stout stone clock-tower was erected opposite to Westminster Hall, out of a fine of 800 marks imposed upon Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the 10th of Edward the First. In this belfry-tower, which was still standing in 1715, was a clock which struck the great bell called Tom of Westminster, so as to be heard by the people in the courts of law. Besides which, Sir Henry Ellis has handed me a note, showing that one of thirty pounds' value was placed in Canterbury Cathedral nearly at the same time."

And farther on,—

"German artists, whether high or low, seem to have been in general demand throughout Europe, as appears very distinctly in horological history. But success must have made them careless in their work, or Shakespeare would hardly have uttered this taunt:

"I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright."

"We are not wanting, however, in various valuable relics of English manufacture. The oldest extant may be, perhaps, that which was made about A.D. 1340, by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, for Adam de Sudbury his Abbot. The face of this machine was divided into 24 hours, in two divisions of 12 each, and it showed time, lunar and solar movements, and four knights on horseback tilting in rapid circumvolutions. After the dissolution of the abbey, it was removed from Glastonbury to the cathedral at Wells, and still remains in an old chapel of the north transept. But the works were so completely worn out, that about 1835 they were replaced by a new train, made by Messrs. Read and Thwaites, the long-established Clerkenwell firm. The curious original face, or dial-plate, and the antique equestrian figures, were carefully adapted to the new body, and are still in use."

The instrument now under discussion, it is sensibly demonstrated, must have been completed in 1525. It was made by Jacob Zech, or rather Jacob the Bohemian, as reads the inscription; and from the arms of Poland and Visconti, it is gathered "that this clock was actually the property of Sigismund the First, King of Poland, surnamed the Great, and that he presented the handsome gift to Bona Sforza, to whom he was married in 1518, after a custom which was then prevalent, as we have just seen in the instances of King Francis to Queen Mary, and Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn. This lady was named after her grandmother, Bona of Savoy; and she was the daughter of Giovanni Galeazzo Sforza Visconti, Duke of Milan. Giovanni was the son of Francesco Alessandro Sforza, the first reigning duke of that powerful family, by Bianca Maria his wife, who though the illegitimate daughter, was constituted heir of the unfortunate Felippo Maria, the last duke of the house of Visconti. These particulars are mentioned here in order to show the high precedence and consideration in which Bona stood; and we fortunately can produce further evidence in testimony of Sigismund's gallant attentions to his young wife, in a choice missal which was executed expressly for that monarch in 1524, and is now in the British Museum. This interesting relic is on vellum, and elaborately illuminated; it is in very fine preservation, but shamefully cropped by some ignorant binder. It contains various autograph entries relating to the family of Sigismund; and that they are in the handwriting of Queen Bona I have the assurance of my friend Mr. Holmes, of the manuscript department of the British Museum, who says that this has been proved by direct comparison with other authentic documents. This missal was taken by her Majesty to Bari, when she retired into Italy after her husband's death, and in process of time fell into the possession of his Royal Highness the Duke of

Sussex, by whom it was kindly submitted to my examination. My late friend Mr. Douce had also a volume of Hours of exquisite beauty, and of Albert Durer tone and finish in the decorations, which he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library at Oxford; and in this, under a beautiful figure of the Virgin, is the date 1527. The Office is concluded by a prayer expressly written for Bona, whose arms, with those of Poland and Lithuania, appear there as displayed in our clock."

We shall add nothing further, but that the inquiry so well conducted is illustrated by plates as neatly executed. We do not know that *Master Humphrey's Clock* was more satisfactorily treated by Dickens than the Princess Bona's by Capt. Smyth.

EAST INDIAN MANNERS.

The Picnic Magazine, a literary and scientific periodical, published at Calcutta, exhibits judicious selections from London publications, and also original communications of more than local interest. As an example of the latter, we transcribe the following remarks on *Acland's Manners and Customs of India*, after having paid us the compliment of copying our review of that work:—

"Having so far made use of the pages of the 'London Literary Gazette,' we shall proceed to point out such errors as have escaped the English Editor uninitiated in the mysteries of 'Indian Manners and Customs;' not to take up the reader's time, however, we shall only make such short comments as occur to us; as we think it our duty to point out errors of the description herein noticed, and which occur chiefly in the first chapters of the author's work; these, however, rapidly vanish as he gains local experience. And all that it is here necessary for us to do, is to point out the absurdity of authors attempting to write on 'the manners and customs of a country,' at least until they are out of their griffinage. With this view, therefore, but without the slightest disrespect to the late reverend gentleman, who, we believe, would have blushed at this indiscretion on the part of his friends, we proceed with our extracts and comments.

"The author relates what we should term a very unpleasant luxury, and of which we never heard before!—When my wife goes to sleep, the little black boy, with no covering on but a pair of drawers and a cap, stands near and fans her, while every now and then he sprinkles her face with water as she reclines on the sofa."

"The following we deny, though, coming from an English clergyman, it will of course be believed as a usual 'custom':—

"Some English persons on going for a walk may be seen carrying a whip, with which, if the natives are at all troublesome, they lash them; but this is a cruel practice."

"He was ordered up to Assam; but his destination is changed to Midnapoor and Cuttack; of the former he says, 'Midnapoor, standing on a high hill, will be the best for the wet weather.' Midnapoor is not more than 100 feet above the sea, and the high hill averages 60 feet!"

"Speaking of his journey from Calcutta to Midnapoor, he writes,—'The principal dangers we have to apprehend on our journey to Midnapoor are the dacoits, or mountain robbers, the tigers, and the sudden swelling of the rivers from the rains.' Again, 'At new and full moon there is what is called a 'bore' in the river Hooghly; that is, the tide, instead of coming up gradually, swells up in one large wave. When I saw it the other day, it rose thirty feet in height.' A very pretty list of dangers truly for a short journey of seventy-five miles, the only real one being the swelling of the rivers, in August, when the author travelled; as to the 'bore' we do not believe its rising thirty feet in a body. Can any one imagine a body of water the height of a two-storied house coming on the Padree's* budgerow, and that he should have lived to tell the tale?"

"We pass over the accounts of the 'nine Indians'

* *Padree's budgerow*, the parson's boat.

who managed his boat—of the 'baugh wallers,' alias 'baughley-whallers,' who carried his 'tin boxes called petarrahs,' and come to the following bit of advice:—'But when you go on a visit, you must be careful to take your own servants, sheets, towels, and soap' (rather severe on the then judge) 'at whose house we stayed until I could choose a home for myself.'

"We are introduced to his farm-yard, in which there is an interloper, novel and amusing. 'I have a flower and kitchen garden, fowl-house, and place for goats, kitchen, stable, cow-house, and a banyan tree!'

"We dislike exaggeration, especially in one of the author's cloth; some of his descriptions have already been termed 'Munchausens' by the *Literary Gazette*, and so may the following:—

"The white ants, which come in a swarm, and in one night will devour a table or a shelf full of books. You may come down in the morning and find your table and books apparently all right, but no sooner do you touch them than they all crumble away in powder."

"This arises from writing from hearsay. He gives the following amusing list of his household; here we find another interpolator new to us as a domestic:—'I keep as few domestics as I can; but am obliged to have eleven men and one woman. The men are—1 Consummar! or headman; 1 Kitmutgar! or waiter at table; 1 Sirdar, who attends to lamps, furniture, &c.; 1 Bearer, who works the punkah, and helps the sirdar (poor devil!); 1 Dirgee, or tailor, who mends stockings, and makes gowns, coats, shirts, &c.; 2 Maistrees, or carpenters (!!!) 2 Mollees, or gardeners; 1 Matee, who sweeps the rooms and keeps them in order (!) 1 Beaste, or water-carrier. We neither feed nor clothe them. They are a thievish set, and we dare not leave anything in their way that they can steal."

"Perhaps the Padree could have named a Utopia where they can with impunity leave 'anything in their way that they can steal.' 'Every morning the mollee, or gardener, brings in a basket of vegetables for us to look at, and select what we shall require for the day's consumption.' We can imagine the happy pair selecting the peas and cauliflowers, and making a present of the *say*† to the mollee!"

"He gives an amusing account of an Indian dinner party:—'At a dinner party every one brings his or her own table servant. This assemblage has a very pretty appearance. The ladies are all in white dresses and short sleeves, and the gentlemen in white jackets and trousers, except the Major and myself; he wears a red jacket and I a black cassock. Behind each chair stands a dark-brown man with long black beard and mustachios, dressed in a sort of white tunic and a white turban, with a coloured sash wound several times round the waist; as it would be the greatest mark of disrespect for a servant to appear in the presence of his master with covered feet, they all leave their shoes outside the door. After the meal is cleared away, before the puddings are brought in, the servants go out and smoke for five minutes."

"This fully accounts for the unconscionable time between the courses at an Indian dinner party, and was unknown to us, but this comes of peeping into the 'customs.' We have now another instance of 'the manners and customs of India.' 'The other day my basin had not been emptied. I told the barah of it, whose business it is to attend to my apartment, and he went a hundred yards or more to call the *matee*, because it would have been beneath his dignity to throw the water out into the adjoining bath room."

"The following 'custom' is new to us:—'When a native dies his body is burnt, and to make the funeral pile every native keeps four or five large trees growing in his garden.'

"Again, speaking of the dreaded white ants, he writes—'If let alone they would in about two days have eaten up the chest of drawers, all my clothes,

* In Bengal a married man can never live in common comfort without from twenty to thirty servants! on account of the various castes, whose prejudices are strictly upheld.
† *Sag*, a native vegetable.

and every thing in the room,* of course including his chilnemoche!†

"We must give another instance of 'the customs'—I had the other day an instance of the extent to which servants carry the system of doing each his own work and no one's else. I had been feeding the parrots with a little rice, and had spilt a few grains of it upon the table. I called the barah, or furniture cleaner: he said it was the parrot's food, and therefore it was the waiter's business to clean it up. I told him to do as he was bid, but he would not, and then I said, that if he did not, I should discharge him with a character for disobedience; this he preferred to doing what he considered was not his own work, so I sent him away at once."

"We give a verdict of 'served him right.' He next instances a proof of the natural politeness inherent in the native character! and says:—"The other day my wife was making up her accounts, and asked the *kitmutgar* how much he had given for a certain article; the man said 'Three rupees.' My wife replied, that she did not think he had given so much; he answered, 'Yes, three rupees.' She said, 'Now I don't believe you gave more than two rupees;' to which the answer was, 'Yes, I gave two rupees.' Still she did not credit him, and said, 'Now I am sure you only gave one rupee;' and he replied, 'Yes, one rupee,' and he was quite satisfied; and all this time he answered as calmly as possible, and did not appear in the least ashamed; and yet this man is considered a very good servant, and whom I believe to be as honest as any one I have."

"During an earthquake at Midnapoor, 'which lasted ten minutes,' he says, 'I was quite startled; and proceeding to my wife's bedroom, advised her to get up and put on something warm, lest we should have to pass the night out of doors. I then went to the store-room, and made the best provision I could for a bivouac.' He must have been a cool hand to have thought of all this whilst his house was shaking for ten minutes!"

"We have next an instance of a native 'Cabul'; he was going to Cuttack:—"I wanted six carts; about a dozen of them are come, and there is now a crowd of native savages round the door, disputing as to who shall go; and they are making so much noise that I was compelled to go out and stop the cabal. I took a good thick stick, as if I were about to beat them. I called out 'choop' (silence) as loud as I could; I then explained that I only wanted six hackeries. Then began a vociferation as to whose were the best, 'Choop—will ye choop?' I roared again. I then called the *mollie*, and desired him to turn out all the bullocks, for they had unfasted those which drew the carts, and let them loose in the rice ground in the compound, which was just ready for cutting. This order I halloed out loud enough for the men to hear; and told him, as soon as he had done that, to come to me for a crowbar to break to pieces all the hackeries but six. This made them submit; and although they still continued making a great chattering, yet they soon began harnessing their bullocks. With these people we are obliged to appear very severe. They despise us as being of no caste, and were we not to be firm, they would imagine we were afraid of them." Imagine a 'roaring' Palsee taming 'the savages' in the shape of mild Hindoo-hackerymen!!

"The following sporting intelligence did not attract the attention of the *Literary Gazette*:—"I will relate one instance, and a very remarkable one, of the advantage of carrying loaded pistols in this country. Major M., now the second in command at Midnapoor, was one day out with some friends, sitting quietly under the shade of a bank, when suddenly a tiger sprang out of a jungle, seized the Major by the leg, threw him over his shoulders, and trotted off with him. The Major's companions raised a loud shout; but the beast was hungry, and did not choose to be frightened from his meal. The Major, however, fortunately had a brace of loaded pistols in his belt; he

pulled out one, and fired it at the head of the tiger as it carried him off. It flashed in the pan; and almost in despair he seized the other, and shot the tiger dead on the spot. The only injury the Major received was a broken and lacerated leg, which has rendered him in some measure a cripple ever since. This story I know to be true, both from the Major himself and from those who were with him."

"The adventure is a good one, and true; but not unworthy of a 'Joot-Sing.'* Here is another sporting adventure:—

"A small party went out for a day's pleasure a little while ago from Midnapoor. They went to Ghope, a most beautiful spot at about five miles' distance. After rambling about, they went into an old house which is there, with an excellent appetite for dinner. The cook-room was about a hundred yards from the house. They waited and waited, and no dinner came; and at last one of the gentlemen went to see the cause of the delay, when, lo! as if watching for the dinner, there was an enormous black bear, sitting half way between the house and the cook-room. They shouted and tried to drive him away; but no, Master Bruin only growled; he did not see why he should not have something to eat. None of the party had guns; and they say that they were kept waiting five hours without their dinner before the bear's patience was exhausted and he stalked off."

"Happily we here get a scale by which to measure the author's exaggerations; Gope Ghur,† which is here stated to be five miles from Midnapoor, is only two miles distant!

"At Balasore the couple occupied the 'Circuit house';‡ but as these Government buildings are not extravagantly furnished, they had a rather comical situation. When 'the excise officer and his daughter came in, the deficiency in the furniture was at once made manifest. There was Mr. and Mrs. B., Mrs. Acland and I, with only two chairs amongst us, and these, like all the Indian chairs, were arm chairs, so that we could not even manage by sitting two on one chair; so Mrs. B. and my wife had the two chairs, and Mr. B. and I sat upon the table—rather a high one it was—so that our feet dangled about half way between our seat and the floor."

"The above would have made a good scene for a caricature. The *Padree* describes himself as a very short and very fat gentleman, always dressed in a cassock."

"The author gives a capital Parody on the *Palkee Bearers'* Song. He says—

"I ought to mention the chant of the palanquin bearers; though they keep to the same sing-song tune, yet they generally invent the words as they go along. I will give a sample, as well as I could make it out, of what my bearers sang the other night; I have tried to render their words as nearly as I could into English, so as to preserve the metre. The poetry must be improved. Each line is sung in a different voice; in the following, for instance, the first line would be sung in the usual voice, the second very high, the third in a sort of gruff tone:

"Oh, what a heavy bag!
No, it's an elephant!
He is an awful weight,
Let's throw his palkee down—
Let's set him in the mud—
Let's leave him to his fate,
No, for he'll be angry then;
Ay, and he will beat us then
With a thick stick;
Then let's make haste and get along,
Jump along quick!"

"And then suiting the action to the word, off they set in a nasty jog—but which rattled every bone in my body, keeping chorus all the time of 'Jump along quick, jump along quick,' until they were obliged to stop for laughing. The second sample is from the men who carried Mrs. Acland, and is in quite a different metre. I must tell you that 'cubbadar' means take care, and 'baba' (pronounced 'barba') means young lady:—

* Joot-Sing, a Major Longbow.

† Ghur, a fort.

‡ Circuit house, for the accommodation of heads of departments during their tours of inspection.

"She's not heavy,
Cubbadar!
Little baba,
Cubbadar!
Carry her swiftly,
Cubbadar!
Pretty baba,
Cubbadar! Cubbadar! Cubbadar!"

"Trim the torches,
Cubbadar!
For the road's rough,
Cubbadar!
Here the bridge is,
Cubbadar!
Pass it swiftly,
Cubbadar! &c."

"Carry her gently,
Cubbadar!
Little baba,
Cubbadar!
Sing so cheerily,
Cubbadar!
Pretty baba,
Cubbadar! &c."

"Henceforth the author is more careful in his relations of 'the manners and customs,' and as we have gone at such length into his book, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of his description of Mofussil society, and a bachelor's dinner party—interspersed with numerous anecdotes of tigers, monkeys, &c. &c., to which we recommend the attention of our readers."

SUFFOLK ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

In addition to the report of this meeting, given in last *Gazette*, we have received the following detailed notice of a part of the proceedings to which we then alluded.

In removing the earth on the north side of the Norman Tower, just within the line of the Abbey wall, and about nine feet from the Tower, opposite to the entrance to the chamber now used as the ringing loft, the workmen came upon a number of skulls and other bones of animals, lying about two feet below the present surface, and rather more above the original base-line of the Tower. Altogether about twenty skulls, more or less perfect, were taken out, and bones of the trunk and limbs in proportion. They were evidently animals of various ages, some of the tusks and teeth being blunted with use, whilst others had all the sharpness of full vigour, and others had not arrived at maturity. Doubts being entertained whether they were the bones of dogs, or of wolves, the osteology of which is so nearly identical, the most perfect specimens were sent up to Professor Owen, of the Royal College of Surgeons, as the highest authority in comparative anatomy, for his opinion, and he determined that they are all of the wolf, with the exception of one skull, which is that of a large dog. There was not a trace of human remains.

The wolf is believed to have been extirpated from this country between five and six hundred years ago, the last record of its existence in any numbers being in the reign of Edward the First, when a decree was issued for its destruction, erroneously stated by Hume to have been completed by King Edgar's tribute of wolves' heads exacted from the Welsh in the tenth century. It becomes, therefore, a matter of curious speculation, in what manner the remains of so many of these animals should have been deposited in the situation described—more especially when the fact of their being above the original surface is considered. Why should the bodies of so many wolves have been brought into such a place? Was it in any way connected with the legend of the wolf having guarded the head of St. Edmund in Eglesdene (Hoxne) wood? Was there any custom of keeping or showing off wolves in honour of that apocryphal history? Or were any of the lands of the monastery—amongst which was the manor of Woolpit (*Wulf-peta*), held by tenure of delivering a wolf's carcass to the Abbot, like King Edgar's tribute from the Welsh? The bones are to be deposited in the Museum, under the care of Mr. Tymms, the active secretary to the Association.

* Chilnemoche, a brass wash-hand-basin.

† Hackery, a native cart of the most primitive construction.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

School of Art.

AGREEABLE to our promise last week, we resume our pen to give a further account of the opening of the School established by this Society at the first meeting for the ensuing season. Mr. Thomas Wyse was, on the motion of Mr. Thurstone, the president, carried to the chair by general acclamation. Mr. Thurstone then addressed the assembly in an appropriate and able speech. He went over the favourable features in the report of the past year, (see our last No.) and noticed that wide as the plan embraced for artistic education had been, the Society contemplated its being much enlarged by other lectures and modes of instructions. He commented on the advantages enjoyed by the great Italian painters, in consequence of their intercourse with men eminent for science and literature, and the competition of various States for the highest productions of art. In England, on the contrary, at the present day, the artist class was almost isolated, and had little communication with men of science or interest in their pursuits.* The object of the School was to promote an acquaintance with scientific progress, and give greater comprehensiveness to the studies of the artist. The president went on to notice the proposed course of lectures, &c., for the coming year, and dwelt with especial complacency and encomium on the marked success which had attended the department for lady students, against which prejudice had at first set forth objections. He next took a luminous view of elder schools, and expressed a hope that whilst the Society of British Artists presented models of Greek purity, grandeur, and dignity, they would also bring under the same roof specimens of mediæval art, which, though often familiar and rude, were pregnant with intensity of feeling and depths of thought. They would not, by circumscribing the study within any exclusive system, encourage the tendency to mere imitation; but by exhibiting the various ways in which intellect had interpreted and developed Nature, in every age and clime, lead to the right contemplation of that grand source of all excellence, Nature herself. The union of the simple and noble antique with the pathos and earnestness of later times, would put an end to limited ideas and mannerism, and enlarge the peculiar boundaries which had hitherto proved so injurious to academies and academic education.

Mr. Wyse, who is also one of the Commission on the Fine Arts, and has done himself so much honour by his zealous patronage of them in every possible respect, next addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech. He concurred in every view which had been taken by the preceding speaker, and was desirous by every means in his power to aid in carrying out the laudable objects of the Society. There was room enough in England for the concurrence of many institutions for the advancement of art, without their interfering with or trenching on each other; and with definite purposes of improvement, there ought to be no rivalry or contention, but a desire and competition to see which would most effectually promote the great ends entertained by them all. He rejoiced that the crown had recognised the Society of British Artists, and acceded to their wishes for incorporation by charter, and the establishment of this beneficial and prospering school. He farther expressed his gratification at the progress made by the arts within the last few years, and congratulated the Society on the provision they had made for affording facilities for the education of females.

At the conclusion Mr. Wyse was much applauded, and throughout the evening every sentiment laudatory of the Society, or favourable to its measures and success, was received with warm cheers. We are sorry we can give only so faint an outline of the proceed-

* This is generally true; but we have many a time and oft expressed a regret that our artists did not extend (as the humblest of them might easily do) the cultivation of their minds beyond the mechanical pale of their profession. Hence their mediocrity and want of intellectual grasp. Let us hope that a brighter day has dawned.—Ed. L. G.

ings, but it may be enough to state that they indicated the flourishing condition of the school, and promised an increase of credit and fame to the leading and rising artists whose works on the walls of the Suffolk-street gallery, and whose exertions in the general cause, have led to the consummation here so briefly recorded.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

Ox Thursday, Mr. R. N. Wornum delivered a lecture introductory to a course on the history, principles, and practice of ornamental art; and we gathered from it that, during the winter, he purposes to treat in separate lectures of the distinctive character of ornament applied to the useful arts, as exhibited in the remains of ancient Egypt, Greece, Persia, mediæval and modern times. It is his intention also to explain the rise, progress, and production of printed calicos, pottery, and paper hangings. There can be little doubt of the utility of such a course, and the ability of the first lecture is a good augury for those that are to follow.

Mr. Distin and his Sons. Lithographed by C. Baugniat. Addison and Hodson.

This is a very cleverly executed and characteristic representation of these popular performers, and possesses a melancholy difference from the well-known print of the father musician and his four sons, so ably taught to follow in his footsteps and take part in his efforts. There are only three now; one of the brothers is dead, and as Lear hath it, we may exclaim,—

"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry."

Under these circumstances, their own deserts, and the attractions of the music this party has made familiar to us, we cannot but wish a beneficial farewell concert to them, which we see announced for Drury-lane Theatre on Monday next, previous to their departure for America.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

One of the Bokhara Victims.—By the last India mail we learn that a report was in strong circulation, in Bombay, that Lieut. Wyburd—one of the "Bokhara victims," to save whom Dr. Wolff undertook his mission to Bokhara—was still alive, and residing at Kokhan, a voluntary exile. The report also stated that he had turned Mohammedan, and for that reason was not inclined to leave the country of his adoption. This change of faith hardly accords with his previous conduct described by Dr. Wolff, in vol. i. p. 326, of his "Narrative of the Mission to Bokhara," in these words:—"At that time (1835) a report reached the King (of Bokhara) that an Englishman was on his way to Khiva; he sent soldiers (Usbecks) after him, and made a prisoner of that Englishman. His name was Lieutenant Wyburd. He was cast into the prison called Sizahja (Black Well), and after that into the dungeon of the Nayah, who treated him in the most cruel manner, and continually said to him, 'I know how to treat you Europeans to humble you.' After a year or so before the arrival of Colonel Stoddart, the Ameer sent for him and said to him, 'If you become a Mussulman and enter my service, I will have mercy on you and treat you well.' But Wyburd answered, 'Understand that I am an Englishman, and therefore I shall neither change my religion nor enter the service of a tyrant!' He then was led forth to execution; he said, 'Now you shall see how an Englishman and Christian can die!' He bowed his head, which was cut off, and his body cast into a well." Should he be still alive in Kokhan, after the circumstantial account of his murder, as related by Dr. Wolff, it will be a subject of much interest for further inquiry into the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. We would also recommend to the Hon. East India Company to give instructions to Captain Cunningham, the head of an exploring mission, now on the north-western frontier, to ascertain, if possible, the truth of Wyburd's being alive.

Copenhagen, Sept. 22nd.—Thorvaldsen's Museum was opened to the public on the 18th, the anniversary of the birth-day of the late King Charles VIII., who was a great patron of the fine arts, and friend of the artist. Cards of admission were delivered to the public on application the day previous—that is, a certain number, to prevent too great a throng. Crowds flock there every day. I, however, intend to wait until the novelty has passed off, as I had a private view shortly before it was entirely finished and opened to the public. It is a fine building, and contains such treasures of art as I doubt not will attract visitors from all parts of Europe, certainly many from England, for there is also a fine collection of paintings which belonged to Thorvaldsen. On the 5th October the elections are to take place here for members to serve in the first Danish parliament (Rigsforsamling). We expect some stir in the city that day, as there are to be eleven returned for Copenhagen, and consequently there will be eleven different hustings. The members are to be chosen throughout the country on the same day, and they are to be returned according to the population.

Botany.—Dr. Alexander, who has recently returned from the Cape of Good Hope, has, we are informed, brought with him an immense collection of South African botany, which is likely to enrich our flora with many new plants.

The Arctic Expedition.—The following is an extract from a letter, dated July 11th, written by Sir James Ross, on board the Investigator, off the Vow Islands:—"We have been stopped here by the ice, but make the attempt to get through in a couple of days. We had rather a rough passage across the Atlantic, but managed to rough it, and are at present all well and happy. No news as yet of Sir John Franklin. All the whalers have gone to the south to find an opening through the ice, having been unsuccessful on this side of the Strait. We are at present fast to an iceberg, and I assure you they are very unpleasant customers to deal with, great pieces breaking off very often, which is rather dangerous if they strike the ship. This is the last place we shall have an opportunity of writing from, so that you will not hear of us again until our return."—The Times.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican war was certain to produce a number of publications in the United States; from one of which, quoted in the *New York Literary World*, we copy the following choice morsels; the first, we are sorry to remark, is a poor parody on the anecdote of Wellington and Picton.

"General Taylor's indomitable will.—The steamboats purchased for transports upon the Rio Grande being small summer craft, performed poorly against the strong current of that river, swollen to a torrent by the melting of the mountain snows. General Taylor was blowing up a quartermaster for not having a supply of tents and munitions at a particular spot; and the latter excused himself by showing that he had pushed them off by the steamboat with the least possible delay. 'You see, general,' continued he, 'it is the tardiness of the steamboats that is to blame.' Then, quoth the general, 'I'll hang every shifless son of a gun of their officers, the moment I lay eyes on them.' 'But, general,' said the quartermaster, 'it is not the fault of the officers, their steamboats have not sufficient power to breast the current.' 'Then, sir, I'll hang the steam-boats!'"

The rest are more original.

"Shot yourself, eh?—At the storming of Monterey, a soldier found himself in a large garden, effectually separated from his comrades. In this predicament

* Anecdotes and Letters of Zachary Taylor. Appleton and Co.

A commissary came to the commander-in-chief, and complained that General Picton swore he would hang him if he did not bring in certain supplies by such a time. "Did Picton say so?" asked the Duke. "Yes, and swore it," replied the affrighted commissary. "Then I would advise you to get the provisions up," returned the Duke: "for if Picton declared he would hang you if you did not, if you do not, you may depend upon it he will keep his word."

ment, he observed a Mexican crouching in the weeds at some distance from him, and, taking shelter behind the curb of a well, he gave the 'yellow skin' a 'blurt' from his rifle. Just at that moment, a live Mexican started up from the other side of the well, with a very disagreeable-looking escapette in his hand. Our fellow thought his position very unhealthy, and commenced retreating at a rapid pace—the Mexican after him. Throwing his rifle over the wall, he tumbled himself after it: but just as he alighted 'all up in a heap' on the other side, he heard the report of a gun, and supposing that his enemy had fired, reloaded his piece hastily, and peered over the top of the wall, expecting to take the Mexican at a disadvantage. To his great surprise, however, he found the fellow stretched out upon the ground—dead! Getting over cautiously, and turning over the body, he addressed it in the following strain,—“Shot yourself, eh? Well, you are a sodger, ain't you? You're a bigger fool than any two Mexicans ever I saw yet. Shot yourself! if you had waited a smidgeon longer I'd have saved you a load.” At this moment a hearty laugh startled our hero, and looking round he saw a rough-hewn Texan ranger concealed among the weeds. This told the tale, and relieved the Mexican from the reflections which had been bestowed upon his skill as a ‘sodger.’ The ranger had witnessed the race, and, perhaps, saved the life of the Mississippian.

“*Fun at all hazards.*—A ‘correspondent,’ writing from Mexico to a friend in the ‘States,’ treats of wounds as follows: ‘Mr. —, you will find in the list of ‘wounded slightly.’ I do not think his wound was considered dangerous from the first, as the ball struck ‘him right plumb in his horse’s ear,’ and at the present time he looks to be in as fine health and spirits as I have ever seen him, and as well as a ‘war-worn soldier’ might expect to be. I was so ‘fortunate’ myself as to be struck right in my horse’s saddle; but the ball was spent and did not go through the saddle-skirt; therefore, as yet, ‘I have not suffered any inconvenience from it.’ I also happened to be caught in bad company at the *garita*, and, with several others, was knocked head-over-heels by the explosion of a shell, but being in a hurry to pick myself up, I trod upon an officer, who pettishly said ‘I had no business there, any how!’ therefore I don’t count that as anything, as I hurt somebody else worse than I was hurt myself; now, having ‘taken a bath, brushed off the smoke and dust of battle,’ and between good liquor, good cigars, and a moderate share of the balance of the good things of this world, ‘am as comfortable as might be expected under the circumstances.’ Having neglected to have my name put down on the list of wounded until after it had been made out, I write that all the world, and ‘my numerous friends in particular,’ might know that ‘I, too, was hurt.’”

“*Mexican Idols.*—Two antique idols of beautiful workmanship, and of an interesting historical remembrance, with their several sacrificial basins, have arrived in New Orleans. They are said to be the first and the most interesting specimens of American antiquities ever brought to the United States, and are intended for a Museum to be founded in the Crescent City, for the purpose of illustrating a series of lectures upon the antiquities of our own continent.”

“*The Isthmus surveyed by Stephens, the Traveller.*—Mr. John L. Stephens of New York, the distinguished traveller and author, has been recently examining the route across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama. After much labour and fatigue, a route has been marked from Chagres to Panama, making the distance some ten miles.”

“*Mexican barbarities.*—Lieutenant Miller, an officer of the Ohio volunteers, who was killed at Chichitron, had his heart cut out and hung upon a bush! The body of the brave but unfortunate Lieut. Ritchie was horribly mutilated after his death. His heart, too, was torn from him, and afterwards stuck upon a pole by the road-side!”

“*Heavy artillery.*—During the battle of the 8th May, a long eighteen-pounder, dragged by twenty yoke of oxen, was ordered to take a position to act with effect against the enemy. The detachment accompanying the piece was exceedingly anxious to

commence operations, but their ardour was restrained by the commander, Captain Churchill, until he had attained what he conceived to be a proper position, when a deadly fire was poured into the ranks of the Mexicans. A wag, in allusion to the above incident, gave, soon after, the following toast—“*Yankee Flying Artillery*—a long eighteen and twenty yoke of oxen: not so fast as a streak of greased lightning; but when once thar, thunder’s no whar.”

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

OTHELLO CRITICISED.

The following amusing satirical piece on the uncertainty of modern criticism is taken from an old magazine that has just passed under our observation, and affords no bad specimen of the method adopted, even at the present time, when the *slashing* review is attempted:—“Let us suppose for a moment that Shakespear was now an untired poet, and opened his career with any one of his best plays. The next morning ushers into the world the following, or something like the following, critique:—

“Last night was presented for the first time a tragedy called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*, avowedly the production of Mr. William Shakespear, the actor. This gentleman’s reputation in his profession is of the *mediocre* sort, and we predict that his present tragedy will not add much to it in any way. *Mediocribus esse poetis*—the reader can supply the rest—*verb. sap.* As we profess ourselves to be friendly to the players in general, we shall reserve our fuller critique of this piece till after its third night; for *we hold it very stuff of the conscience* (to use Mr. Shakespear’s own words) not to war against the poet’s purse; though we might apply the author’s quaint conceit to himself—

“*Who steals his purse, steals trash; ‘tis something; nothing; ‘tis his nothing, and our philosophy tells us ex nihilo nihil fit.*”

“For the plot of this tragedy the most we can say is, that it is certainly of the *moving* sort, for it is here and there and everywhere; a kind of theatrical *hocus-pocus*; a creature of the pye-ball breed, like Jacob’s nuttuns, between a black ram and a white ewe. It brought to our mind the children’s game of—*I love my love with an A*—with this difference only, that the young lady in this play loves her love with a *B*, because *he is black*.—*Risum teneatis?*”

“There is one *Tago*, a bloody-minded fellow, who stabs men in the dark behind their backs; now this is a thing we hold to be most vile and ever-to-be abhorred. There was an incident of a *pocket-handkerchief*, which *Othello* called out for most lustily, and we were rather sorry that his lady could not produce it, as we might then have seen one *handkerchief* at least employed in the tragedy. There were some *vernacular* phrases which caught our ear, such as where the black damns his wife twice in a breath—*Oh, damn her, damn her!*—which we thought savoured more of the language spoken at the doors than *within* the doors of the theatre; but when we recollect that the author used to amuse a leisure hour with calling up gentlemen’s coaches after the play was over, before he was promoted to take a part in it, we could readily account for old habits. ‘Tho’ we have seen many gentlemen and ladies kill themselves on the stage, yet we must give the author credit for the new way in which his hero puts himself out of the world; *Othello*, having smothered his wife, and being taken up by the officers of the state, prepares to dispatch himself and escape from the hands of justice: to bring this about, he begins a story about his killing a man in Aleppo, which he illustrates *par exemple* by stabbing himself, and so winds up his story and his life in the same moment. The author made his appearance in the person of one *Brabantio*, an old man, who makes his first entry from a window; this occasioned some risibility in the audience. The part is of an inferior kind, and Mr. Shakespear was more indebted to the exertions of his brethren, than to his

own, for carrying his play through. Upon the whole, we do not think the passion of jealousy, on which the plot turns, so proper for tragedy as comedy, and we would recommend to the author, if his piece survives its nine nights, to cut it down to a farce, and serve it up to the public *cum mica salis* in that shape. After this specimen of Mr. William Shakespear’s tragic powers, we cannot encourage him to pursue his attempts upon *Melpomene*; for there is a good old proverb, which we would advise him to bear in mind—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*. If he applies to his friend *Ben*, he will turn it into English for him.”

THE DRAMA.

Princess’s.—*La Vivandière*, an English version of the *Figlia*, with the whole of the music, was the opera with which the season commenced on Monday at this theatre. The part of *Marie* was undertaken by Miss Poole, and was not only acted with great spirit, but the music was equally well given, and the “*rataplan*,” the drumming in which was very cleverly done, was vociferously encored. Mr. Rafer was the *Tonio*, but seemed as if he hardly felt his voice in this, to him, new locality; and Mr. Weiss was *Sergeant Sulrice*, singing his music with accuracy and discrimination, and acting as awkwardly as could be desired. The minor parts were fairly sustained, and the chorus was much better drilled, and sung more evenly, than we have been accustomed to here.

On Wednesday, Miss Julia Harland made her first appearance in London as *Lucy Ashton* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She is a young lady of considerable personal attractions, and has a fine voice, probably not yet quite cultivated enough for the highest range of parts, but possessing such good qualities that, if not overwrought, it must eventually become a great favourite, especially if her teaching is still continued in a right direction. Mr. Allen made his first appearance for the season on the same evening, as *Edgar of Ravenswood*, and sang quietly and correctly; indeed the whole opera went very well. The after entertainments have consisted of last season’s farce, called, *Pay me!*—or if you don’t!—with Oxberry in his original character of *Penguin*, and Mr. Cooke as *Dingle*, (the latter gentleman is from the *Marylebone*, and will be a valuable acquisition in the old men at this house;) and a new ballet, called *La Rosiere*, with pretty scenery, and some powerful dancing, principally by Signor Ferranti, from the *Royal Theatre*, Madrid, and Mlle. Thierry, from *La Scala*, Milan. Both are clever.

The theatre has been thoroughly cleansed, charmingly re-decorated by Mr. Hurwitz, and looks light, lively, and agreeable.

Lyceum.—Mr. Shirley Brookes’ neat comedietta of *Anything for a Change*, Mr. Planche’s drama of *Court Beauties*, which is among the pleasantest of our recollections of the palmy days of the Olympic, and *The Critic*, formed an attractive bill of fare for the opening night on Monday. There is no alteration in the theatre, which looks as bright and as elegant as it did last season; and but little change in the company, except that the names of Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Leigh Murray are missing, and that there is the welcome addition of Mrs. Yates—“long,” as *Puff* in the *Critic* with perfect justice said of her—“the brightest ornament of the *Adelphi*,” and whatever were the circumstances under which this old favourite and most admirable actress parted from the company of which she had for so many years formed a part, there is no doubt that in the *Lyceum* her graceful and finished style of acting will be duly appreciated. Her reception on this occasion, as were those of every old favourite, and of that young favourite, Miss Fitzwilliam, was most enthusiastic. There was nothing in the cast of the pieces to call for special notice, beyond Mrs. Yates’s *Tiberina*, which, if not broad burlesque, was a finished and lady-like portraiture of airs, and graces, and pettishness, that may be supposed by the ignorant public to be characteristic of the high tragic actress; and Miss Marshall’s performance of *Tiffany in Court Beauties*, originally played by Madame Vestris. This young lady, so long known as a graceful dancer, is rapidly

developing powers that will make her, with care on her own part, one of our best comic actresses. Whether it was that the occasion of an opening night gave additional piquancy to the wit of Sheridan's admirable farce, or from any other cause, but we fancied that we had never seen the absurdities of the piece so foisted up to the top o' the bent as on Monday evening. Mr. Mathews' "double" of *Sir Fretful and Puff* is already too well known to need fresh praise, as is the *Whiskerandos* of the veteran Harley.

Adelphi.—A new series of performances have been set on foot here in consequence of a month's leave of absence to the laughter-moving Wright, and the change of Mrs. Yates to the *Lyceum*. On Saturday night we saw her excellent as ever in the touching part of *Alice in the Wreck Ashore*, and as *Mrs. Subtle in Paul Pry*. The skill displayed in the latter was truly artistic, as in the former the power and pathos called forth many tears. Miss Woolgar also played finely up to her in both pieces. On Monday Mr. Hudson took our lamented Power's character in *Lover's drama of Rory O'More*, and acquitted himself very satisfactorily; the other characters were well sustained.

Asley's Amphitheatre shuts this evening for a brief recess. The past week, with the young people home for the Michaelmas holidays, has given even more than the common popular *clat* to *Mazepa*, and delighted full houses, with interesting proportions of juvenility, to the top of their bent. Nor has the circle failed in its attractions, but the whole been well deserving of our hearty praise.

VARIETIES.

Curious coincidence, and we believe a novelty also.—Several pines in the houses at Claremont have this season grown and ripened *crownless*. They have been called there humorously *republicans*. A happy equivocal, as the botanical characteristic of this peculiar growth is "blind."

Mary of Gueldres.—A competition skeleton for the honour of this appropriation has been dug up close by the altar of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh. The Scottish Antiquaries are engaged in discussing the respective claims of the bones.

At the Stove sale of sculpture, scientific specimens, and vertu, 100 guineas was given for a Roman consul in the act of speaking. None of the other lots rose to more than sixty or seventy, and the rest brought only low rates. The celebrated collection of geology and mineralogy (10,000 specimens) by Haily, and the illustration of his *Traité de Mineralogie*, brought 320 guineas.

Sanitary Measures.—The City of London has voted an allowance of 500*l.* per annum, as the salary of a medical officer to be appointed to the duty of superintending the health of our crowded metropolis, and recommending means for the public safety.

Irish Amelioration Society.—The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of the 3rd gives an interesting report of a lecture on the subject of this admirable plan for the salvation and improvement of Ireland, which was delivered in the Mechanics' Institute on the preceding evening, by Surgeon Lover, the brother of our accomplished lyrist. In it he explained the nature of the projected measures for the conversion of bog-peat into charcoal of inestimable value for agricultural or manufacturing purposes; the consequent reclamation of the soil for the growth of grain; the employment of labour to an immense extent, on the sound principle of a fair day's wages for a fair day's labour; and other advantages of the utmost national importance, which have, indeed, been more than once pointed out in the *Literary Gazette*. We rejoiced, however, to peruse the able advocacy of Mr. Lover, to learn with what enthusiasm it was received, and be assured of the growing patronage in high quarters which the project was attracting. If carried out, there is hope for Ireland yet, and the experiment will, at any rate, be speedily tried in Mayo and Roscommon.

Births.—Such announcements as the following sometimes amuse us:—"The lady of Captain —, unattached, of a son." What would they say if they had kept company?

Superior Manufactures.—In a recent *Gazette* we took occasion to animadvert on the many absurdities so obviously committed in the making of articles for use, and which are now so loudly puffed as elegant improvements in furniture, table ornaments, dress, bijouterie, china, glass, &c. Things that can neither be conveniently adapted to the purposes for which they are intended, nor be made or kept clean, are but wastes of ingenuity, and offensive to good taste, however gaudily they may be embellished, or curiously formed. A chair is for sitting on, a glass for drinking out of, a jug for holding and pouring out liquids. But if the chair is so be-carved, after some old monastical model, before lace and muslin were, and our mothers wore stuffs and brocades, that no lady in modern dress can sit down upon and rise from it without splits and tears: if the glass is so set upon its foot and stem, and so thickly cast and figured in its capacity, as to turn over and break with a touch, and offend the lips when applied to them: if the jug, with its narrow neck, cannot be reached and cleansed even with a bottle-brush, then, we say, the inventions are naught, and the designs ridiculous. Not so when we observe performances where beauty, and utility, and superior art are manifested. Thus, we noticed the sheriffs' carriages last week, and admired the excellence to which this branch of business had attained. No place in Europe could compete with their rich material and admirable build, and yet withal so chaste and easy. The colour of one is garter blue, upon which the emblazonment of the arms is very handsome; the other is a fine green, and both are set on wheels and axles, &c. in perfect harmony with the body and trimmings of the vehicles they support. The chasings and ornaments are superb. Another of our manufactures, which we have lately examined, seems to us to have got to a luxury of appearance and a perfection of usefulness. We allude to the common article, a billiard table, with its cues and maces, such as are constructed under various patents by Mr. Thurston, as the carriages are under others by Messrs. Laurie and Marner. The elegance of the cue-handle, of some beautiful wood, prepares us for the improvements in the tables, whereon the balls run with geometrical accuracy. But what pleased us most is the new cushion, in which the finest cloth (as in the table cover) is stretched over a composition of vulcanized India rubber, and the rebounds of the ball are so lively and true as to impart almost a different aspect to the game. When we look back only a few years, it is such manufactures as these which claim our notice and our eulogy. They are, in their way, trade and national improvements.

Sir Charles Lyell.—The bestowal of knighthood upon this eminent geologist by the Queen, at Balmoral, is an honourable tribute to great scientific energies and attainments.

Saturn's Satellites.—Mr. Lassels has announced the discovery of an eighth satellite to Saturn.

Mr. John Hunt, in former times long the joint editor of the *Examiner* newspaper with his more distinguished brother, Mr. Leigh Hunt, but who has not of late years been before the public as a political writer, has been removed from amongst us by death. He was staunch to his principles throughout life, and both when dangerous to profess them and when viewed with greater favour, strenuously upheld reform and democratic opinions.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Boedel's British Tariff for 1848-9, 5s.
Beveridge's (Bishop) Works, 10 vols. 8vo, cloth, new edition, £5 5s.
—Thesaurus, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Boyle's (R.) Reflections on various subjects, 12mo, 6s. 6d.
Broderip's Zoological Recreations, second edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Campbell's (Dr. J.) Lives of British Admirals, 12mo, new edition, cloth, 5s.
Castlereagh's Memoirs and Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 25s.
Chapman's (H. T.) Treatment of Ulcers on the Leg, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Grace and Peace, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Guyer's (Rev. T. S.) Memoirs, by J. Parry, 12mo, cloth, 5s.

- Hopwood's (Rev. H.) Order of Confirmation, third edition, 32mo, 2s. 6d.
Lees' (R. D.) Chemical Midwifery, second edition, foolscap, cloth, 5s.
Legends of Devon, 16mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Methuen's Life in the Wilderness, new edition, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Michell's Ruins of Many Lands, Part I, 1s.
Milner's Descriptive Atlas, Division I, 6s.
Parker's (T.) Critical and Miscellaneous Writings, post 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
Polson (A.) on Law of Nations, by T. H. Horne, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Psalms and Canticles of the Church of England for Chanting, 6s. 6d.
Ramsey's Glance at Belgium, second edition, 12mo, sewed, 5s.
Standard Novels, Vol. 113; Percival Keene, 5s.
Wood's Algebra, by Lund, thirteenth edition, 8vo, 12s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
Oct. 7 . . .	11 47 47.0	Oct. 11 . . .	11 46 48.9
8 . . .	— 47 30.4	12 . . .	— 46 28.2
9 . . .	— 47 14.2	13 . . .	— 46 13.9
10 . . .	— 46 58.4		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—In the article on *The Cholera* in our last No., page 642, middle column, second paragraph, Dr. Ogier Ward's mode of treatment is quoted from the *Lancet* of December 1848, it should be 1847. And at page 652, the last three lines relating to Cremorne Gardens should read, "The vocal department has throughout the season been much enlivened by the characteristic comic singing of Mr. Ross," not "by like charac-comic."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALE BY AUCTION.

THE COPYRIGHTS OF "THE MEDICAL TIMES" AND "THE PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES."
MR. HODGSON WILL SELL BY AUCTION, at his Great Room, 155, Fleet Street, (corner of Chancery Lane), on FRIDAY, October 15th, 1848, at One o'clock, (by order of the Mortgagees in possession), the Copyright and Printed Stock of that Valuable Weekly Newspaper "THE MEDICAL TIMES," a Journal of Medical and Surgical Information, Reviews, Criticism, and Literature; also the Copyright and Printed Stock of "THE PHARMACEUTICAL TIMES," a Journal of Chemistry, both Papers being Weekly Publications, and having most extensive Circulations. Specimens of the Works may be seen and Particulars had of Stephen Walters, Esq., Solicitor, 55, Basinghall Street, and at Mr. Hodgson's Office, 105, Fleet Street.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.

MR. RICHARD JONES has returned for the Season to his House, No. 14, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square.

TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.

I and to ARTISTS.—Messrs. J. and R. McCracken, Foreign Agents to the Royal Academy, No. 7, Old Jerry, remind the Nobility, Gentry, and Artists, that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Custom House, &c., and that they undertake the Shipment of Effects to all parts of the world.

ED. J. DENT, by distinct appointments, Watch and Clock Maker to the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. I. M. the Emperor of Russia, having greatly increased his stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS to meet the purchases made at this season of the year, most respectfully requests from the public an inspection of his various assortments. Ladies' gold watches, with gold dials, and jewelled in four holes, 8*g.* each; gentlemen's ditto, enamel dials, 10*g.*; youths' silver watches, 4*g.*; substantial and accurately-going silver watches, jewelled in four holes, 6*g.*—**E. J. DENT**, 82, Strand; 83, Cockspur Street; and 34, Roper Exchange (Clock-Tower Area).

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	£	s. d.	£ s. d.
600	500	641 1 8	1141 1 8
617	1000	1225 0 0	2225 0 0
1807	3000	3675 0 0	6675 0 0
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The bonus thus added to policies from March, 1834, to the 31st of December, 1847, is as follows:—

Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy in 1841.	Sum added to Policy in 1848.	Sum payable at Death.
£		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
5000	13 yrs. 10 mths.	635 6 8	787 10 0	6470 16 8
5000	12 years	500 0 0	787 10 0	6257 10 0
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